



City of Akron, Ohio

DONALD L. PLUSQUELLIC, MAYOR

April 25, 2006

Dear Friend:

Welcome to the City of Akron's annual Holocaust Commemoration and Awards Ceremony. We once again gather to honor the outstanding student artists and writers who participated in the City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest. We also pause to remember the more than six million Jews who died in the Holocaust.

This year's contest theme, "Remembering the Past to Reshape the Future," reminds us how past acts of violence and hatred have an everlasting affect on all people and the world, as we know it, today. If the lives of those lost had not been savagely taken, the world would be a different place, most certainly, a better place. While we cannot change the past, we hopefully can learn from it and therefore make a more tolerant world. I hope the young people of Akron and Summit County — today, and as they grow into adults — remember the dark days of the Holocaust, they will shape our future and make it brighter for all.

Our speaker today is Max Edelman, a Holocaust survivor, who endured the brutality of Nazi concentration camps. That experience left him in permanent darkness. He was blinded as a result of a savage beating by soldiers. Listen well to his story and consider the true value of every individual's place in the world.

Within the pages of this book, you will find some outstanding interpretations of the contest topic. Students have expressed this year's theme in words, in music and through many artistic media. I hope you will read through the stories and poems. The original pieces of visual art are on display now through May 5 here at the Akron-Summit County Library.

To the teachers and parents who supported their children in preparing for the contest, thank you. We must constantly consider the Lessons of the Holocaust to learn all that we can — and should — from them. Thank you also to Sue Specter for leading the City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration Committee. Your work is important.

Sincerely,

DONALD L. PLUSQUELLIC

Mayor

2006 City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Participants Division I (grades 6 through 8)

Bolich Middle School (Teacher: Kelly Dever)

Kathleen Graca

Green Middle School (Teacher: Carrie Jacobs)

Nathan Abrams
Donna Bell
Erin Berlin
Aubrey Calvert
Michael Campbell
Shea Chapman
Morgan Crumley
Betsy Dobson
Yvette Edwards

Adrien Fernandez
Josuha Fisher
Ryan Goeckner
Mejgon Joya
Joshua Kapper
Nicole Kicos
Alexandra Kozak
Dylan Kuntz
Alex Lee

Christopher Lewis
Christine Lile
David Longstaff
Zach Lumley
Allison Roane
Curtis Vozar
Phillip Wenninger
Deanna Wheeler
Zachary Zabel

Hyre Middle School (Teacher: Patricia Bodine)

Tyron Hoiston

Lippman Day School (Teacher: Sarah Bricklin)

Lawrence Anderle
Abigail Bashor
Jonathan Bashor
Samantha Crane
Taylor Cunningham
Ethan Dayan
Laurie Ferrato
Erin Fogle
Ciarra Fuerst

Leslie Johnson
Brittany Gajarsky-Kottler
Isaac Genshaft
Naomi Genshaft
Arielle Goldstein
Kayla Goldstein
Keila Hamad-Ramos
Eric Katz
Adam Kofsky

Rone Ohayon
Samatha Pesantez
Benjamin Rose
Doug Schmidt
Matthew Slonsky
Brooke Solitt
Daniel Sullivan
William Welsh

Litchfield Middle School (Teacher: Irene Adler)

William Blake
Marcus Dempster
Andrew Durkin
Sayzar Edwards
Abigail Freitag
Jennifer Gray
Kayla Grizer

Matt Heisler
John Hoffman
Chris Knepper
Spencer Lightfoot
Lauren Purkhiser
Senicia Reid

Isaiah Spencer
Julie Sweitzer
Katrina Thelin
Calvin Toney-Cox

Miller South School for the Visual & Performing Arts (Teachers: Julianne Hogarth, Bonnie Wachter, S. Wolak and Susan Yingling)

Rachel Ake
Richie Ake
Wes Ayers
Emmy Bachmann
Emily Baker
Caitlin Ballinger
Meagan Beamer
Meirra Birath
Julie Botnick
Jeanine Brant

Ernie Calhon
Nathan Carder
Adam Comer
Jessy Cooke
Charles Cothren
Queen Davis
Alexis Dolin-Stevens
Allyssa Dziurlaj
Casey Engelhart
Marisa Espe

Christine Ghinder
Nick Hafner
Sarah Harp
Gabrielle Hicks
Jocelyn Hill
Morgane Hilson
Stephanie Hopper
Brett Jones
John Jones
Lawrence Kimble

Miller South School for the Visual & Performing Arts (Continued)

Tineke Klaassen	Sindi Morsches	Alex Russell
Paul Levack	Olivia Myers	Samuel Slovisky
Tyler Liggett	Maggie Palunas	Michelle Stephens
Stewart Lindgren	Jason Paolucci	Calvin Toney-Cox
Suzanne Magazzeni	Jessica Pasternak	Jack Uecker
Claire Marks	Emma Petit	Hannah Walsh
Elliott Marks	Kaelyn Quinn	Armond Williams
Rowan Matney	Janessa Robinson	Breaya Wilson
Justin Moore	Ellen Rochford	Kaila Yancey
Kesho Morsches	Liam Rogers	

Old Trail School (Teacher: Jeffrey Eason)

Eleanor Axson	Sam Freiberg	Claire Myerscough
Jeananne Ayoub	Graham Hicks	Sonali Paul
Jenny Blanda	Racco LaRosa	Joseph Vandermolen
Daniel DiSanto	Casey Mazzotti	Zachary Wendeln

Our Lady of the Elms (Teacher: Debera Lorincz)

Kayla Bologna

Revere Middle School (Teacher: Gayle Doherty)

Autumn Berry	Wesley Koewler	Beth Schrader
Amy Bittinger	Catherine May	Eric Tretter
Peter Cai	Kristen Popa	Kristen Yaeger

St. Joseph School (Teacher: Kathleen Burns)

Chady Abou Ahdallah	Marie Hofer	Caitlin O'Neill
Genevieve Bohnak	Kindelan Huber	Ryan Ross
Elizabeth Cuniff	Christopher Humbel	Gabriel Schwenk
Jessacca Girona	Karlie Jones	Rachel Smith
Jaclyn Hale	Kristin Mushenheim	

St. Sebastian Elementary School (Teachers: Michael McDonald, Anthony Rohr and Katrina Stoneman)

Lynn Barnes	Ione Friess	Nate Mills
Julianna Blischak	Jasmine Gao	Shalor Petit
Jack Brady	Clarke January	Dominic Ragozine
McKenzie Bremer	Jacob Jernigan	Andrew Sarvis
Meghan Caprez	Adam Jounic	Tucker Scolaro
Caitlin Constance	Elizabeth Luchenbaugh	Taylor Seikel
Joseph Coughlin	Evan Luse	Ashley Smith
Michael Eberly	Samantha Mariani	Libby Thomas
Lauren Fallucco	Alex McGrew	Rachel Thomas
Michael Fiander	Daniela Milan	Matthew Wigle
Grace Finn	Lexi Milan	Joseph Wilde

2006 City of Akron Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Participants Division II (grades 9 through 12)

Archbishop Hoban High School (Teacher: Margot Eiseman)

Andrea Alberti	Elizabeth Licking
Lindsey Bartkowski	Becky Miesle
Jenna Fulpahs	Brian Walker

Central-Hower High School (Teacher: Chris Bannerman)

Gabrielle Scott

Firestone High School (Teacher: Stephen Csejtey)

Renee Armstrong	Katelyn McGee
Alanna Bodman	Alex Richter
Emily Butler	Emma Rowland
Chialla Geib	Pasha Sanders
Zachary Hafner	Chris Ulrich
Samuel Kittinger	

Green High School (Teacher: Laura Bailey, Elaine Miller and Felice Troutman)

Renee Allan	Jack Hilton	Carolyn Payne
Saud Ansari	James Hilton	Rachel Payne
Justin Ball	Christina Jaber	Leah Platt
Alayne Becker	Jena Jenkins	Benjamin Pollock
Stacie Beres	Ashley Karelitz	Nathan Pollock
Amanda Bortz	Bethany Kauffman	Johnathon Ralston
Michael Bortz	Albert King	Jacquelin Rankine
Julia Brewer	Annie Knight	Katherine Reese
Bryon Brown	Laura Knight	Cynthia Robinson
Tianna Chaboudy	Chris Korman	Brenna Romig
Zachery Christy	Ashley Lonsbury	Allison Ross
Alex Corbin	Theresa Louis	Jennifer Selover
Christopher Davison	Jordan Marciniak	Tristanne Staudt
Julie Delagrange	Shawn Marks	Alex Stevanor
Daniel Dobson	Joshua Martin	Michael Thrasher
Lauren Donnelly	Kelly Mason	Abby Verbosky
Anna Dzurovcin	Rachael Mattingly	Heidi Vielhaber
Gwendolen Eberts	Elizabeth Mazgaj	Holly Watkins
Kevin Edwards	Colleen McBee	Corey Welsh
Evan Elliott	Christopher Mellinger	Trevor Westbrook
Mara Fernandez	Asheritah Oana	Kyle Westhafer
Luke Gay	Whitney Parnell	Ryan Woods
		Katie Zehner

Springfield High School (Teacher: Nancy Michel and Rebecca Uber)

Tricia Ange
Kelsie Archer
Timothy Baker
Jenna Barry
Timothy Beck
Albert Benninger
Ashley Bruen
Stephanie Cain
Megan Clark
Michael Crites
Tami DiMarco
Amanda Donatelli

Jessica Dowling
Jessica Fergus
Matthew Haught
Cesare Holland
Krista Kachovec
Marissa Loughry
Kate Malone
Aaron Massey
Tierney May
Amie Petit
Corey Phillips

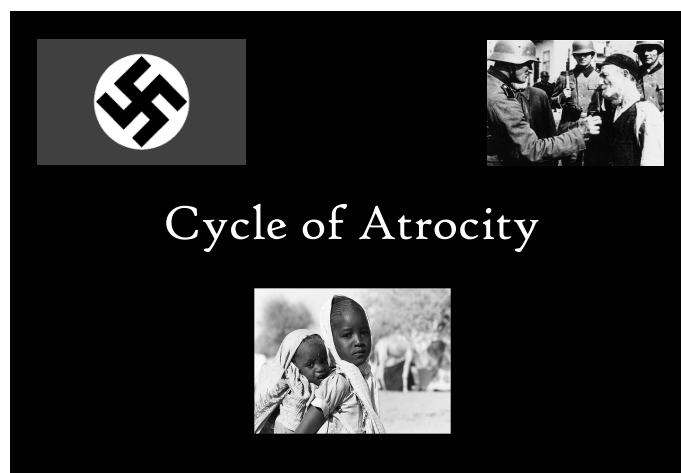
Chris Powell
John Reynolds
Amanda Rininger
Leslie Shaffer
Matt Shiplett
Jessica Shoemaker
Bobbi Smith
Jessica Stall
Kendall Steinle
Amanda Tepus
Ruth Turner
Chad Wagner

St. Vincent-St. Mary High School (Teacher: Anne Bickett)

Theresa Attalla
Amy Bisesi
Nicholas Brown
LeeAnn Chomanics
Christine Glendon
Jane Killian
Jennifer Kozlowski

Jessica Kozlowski
Katie McCarthy
Nicole Musgrave
Therese Pirie
Hillary Presper
John Shaul

Voted Best of the Best



Congratulations to Kyle Westhafer and Ryan Woods of Green High School for being voted "Best of the Best" for their "Cycle of Atrocity" PowerPoint presentation. They also wrote and performed original music for their presentation.

2006 City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration
Akron Summit County Public Library, Main Library
April 25, 2006

11:30 A.M. AWARDS CEREMONY

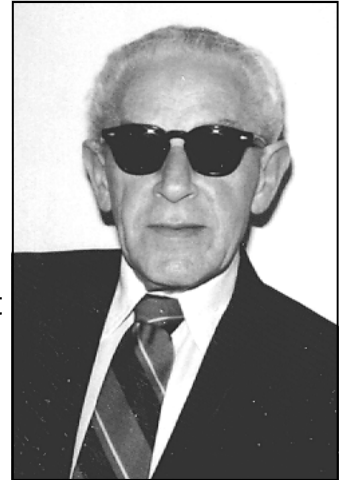
Welcome	Sue Spector, Chair Chair, Holocaust Commemoration Committee
Master of Ceremonies	David Jennings, Director Akron Summit County Public Library
Presenter	Sue Spector and Katie Wells-Goodwin Holocaust Committee

12 NOON COMMEMORATION CEREMONY

Invocation	Rabbi David Lipper Temple Israel, Akron, Ohio
Welcome	Sue Spector, Chair Holocaust Commemoration Committee
Welcome of Officials	Billy Soule Assistant to the Mayor for Community Relations
Video Message	Donald L. Plusquellic Mayor, City of Akron
Introduction of "Best of the Best"	Billy Soule
Introduction of Guest Speaker	Sue Spector
Guest Speaker	Max Edelman Holocaust Survivor Cleveland, Ohio
Candle Lighting Ceremony	Student Award Winners
Closing Remarks	Sue Spector
Benediction	Minister

Keynote Speaker Max Edelman

Max Edelman, like many Jews, was trapped with his family in Poland when World War II started. Only sixteen when Hitler came to power, he spent the next five years, from ages 17 to 22, in concentration camps. He quickly learned that his survival hinged upon staying healthy and going to work every day. Then on April 8, 1944, he lost his sight as a result of a terrible beating by two Nazi guards. He didn't expect to survive in the camp after becoming blind, but his friend Eric, the barracks supervisor, who was a German national political prisoner, and Sigmund, his brother, protected Max from the fate of most handicapped prisoners: instant execution. The kindness of both of these men, at a risk to their own lives, kept Max from giving up on humanity.

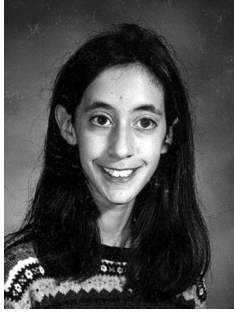


After the war, Max Edelman began the long and difficult process of rebuilding his life. He enrolled in a rehabilitation school for the adult blind in Germany, and in addition to learning independent living skills, he studied physical therapy. Max married, and then realizing that life in Europe held no future for him, they immigrated to the United States. So with his new wife, not knowing English, no money and sightless, he came to Cleveland and obtained a job working at the Cleveland Clinic, developing X-rays.

He is now retired and speaks to many schools and groups about his life. When he was finally free to create his own future, he chose to take his revenge by showing the world how much he could contribute to society. He says, "One who has never had freedom but one day attains it, or one who lost and then regained it, truly knows how to cherish freedom." He believes that each new generation can overcome the mistakes of the past by choosing to treat all people with tolerance and respect.



Max Edelman and his dog Boychik



Visual Art - Individual - Division I - 1st Place
“Collage of Fear”

By Claire Marks

Grade 7

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Julie Hogarth



I chose a print on tissue paper because it represents the hardships and the fear that the victims of the Holocaust went through. The words in the background represent the emotions and thoughts of the Holocaust. Many of them I found in recent newspapers. I question whether the world today has yet to change.



Visual Art – Individual – Division I - 2nd Place
“Wandering Patience”

By Tineke Klaassen

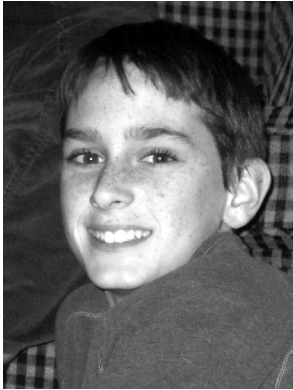
Grade 6,

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter



(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust)



Visual Art - Individual - Division I - 3rd Place (Tie) “Morning Line Up”

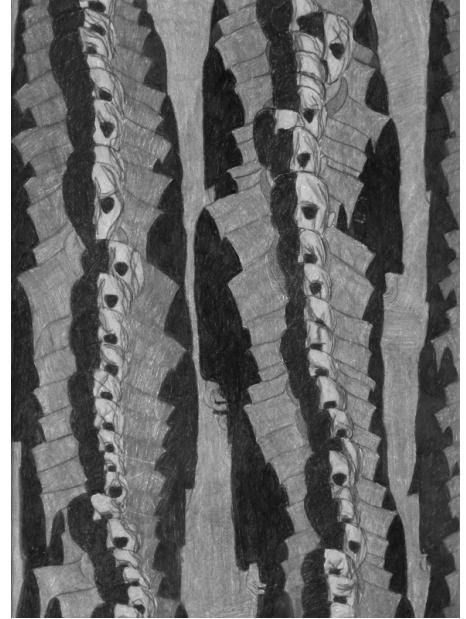
By Liam Rogers

Grade 7

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Julie Hogarth

I titled this piece “Morning Line Up” because I really wanted to show what a horrific time of day that was for prisoners. If you tripped, you died. Another thing was they had to wake up so early in the morning and do hard toil so soon after and do it all day. That was the beginning of each horrible day.



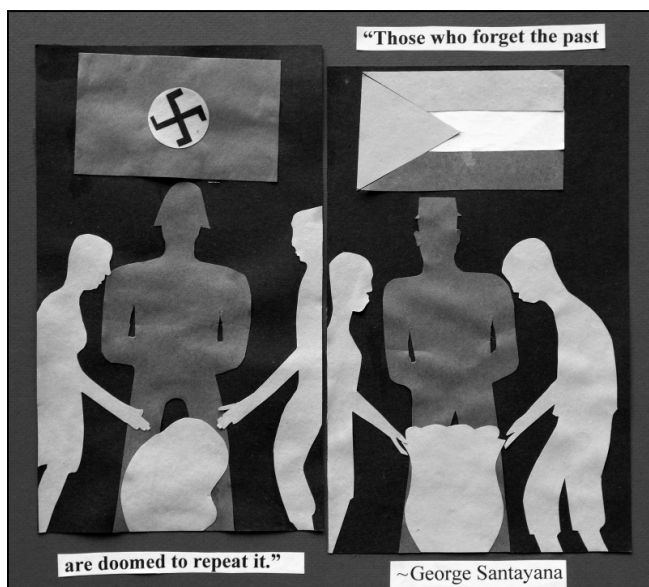
Visual Art – Individual – Division I - 3rd Place (Tie) “ When Will It Stop”

By Leslie Johnson

Grade 8

Lippman Day School

Teacher: Sarah Bricklin



My composition compares the horrors of the Holocaust with the genocide in Sudan. When I look at it, I find the side of Sudan is too similar to the side of the Holocaust. We need to remember the past to reshape the future. But first we need to put a halt on the genocide of Sudan. When will it stop?



Visual Art - Individual - Division I - 4th Place (Tie) "Yesterday, Today"

By Stewart Lindgren

Grade 6

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter

I did this 3-dimensional collage because I thought that I should express the theme by a mixture of ideas like the two-piece sculpture and the Holocaust pictures with current pictures to make the collage.

I made the paper sculpture to show how we could remember the past to guide us through the future. I made the collage of current people and people of the Holocaust to show how peaceful we are today and how bad we used to be to show us how we shouldn't change in bad ways, just in good ways.



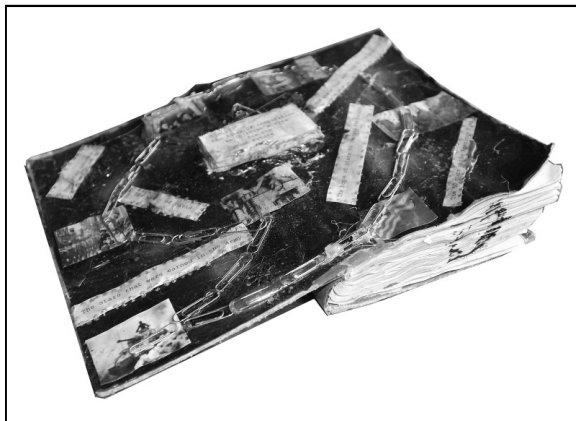
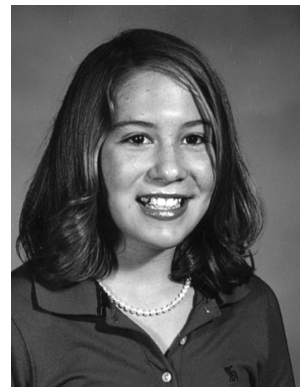
Visual Art – Individual – Division I - 4th Place (Tie) "The Stars That Connected Us and Remind Us of the Past"

By Grace Finn

Grade 6

St. Sebastian Elementary School

Teacher: Katrina Stoneman



The inspiration for my artwork was the way stars always seem to relate to the many events in history. It is also about the "stars" of the Holocaust who helped the Jewish people. The paperclips that connect the events are symbolic of our connection to the past. The book was used as the basis for my artwork as a theme inspired by "The Diary of Anne Frank."

The City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration

DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE 2006



U.S. HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL COUNCIL

Sunday, April 23, 2006 through Sunday, April 30, 2006

“Lessons of the Holocaust: Remembering the Past to Reshape the Future”

Visual Art – Individual – Division I - Honorable Mentions

Student	School	Title or Art
Tyron Hoisten	Hyre Middle School	“Respect and Inspiration”
Ciarra Fuerst	Lippman Day School	“The Special Gift”
Isaac Genshaft	Lippman Day School	“So This May Not Happen Again”
Nathan Carder	Miller South School	“The Prisoner”
Charles Cothren	Miller South School	“Deportation”
Marisia Espe	Miller South School	“Family Portrait”
Christine Ghinder	Miller South School	“An End of Tyranny?”
Jocelyn Hill	Miller South School	“Spirited Away”
John Jones	Miller South School	“Freedom”
Elliot Marks	Miller South School	“Confusion”
Kesho Morsches	Miller South School	“Untitled”
Olivia Myers	Miller South School	“Waiting”
Janessa Robinson	Miller South School	“Untitled”
Alex Russell	Miller South School	“Tears of Strength”
Michelle Stephens	Miller South School	“Discrimination”
Jack Uecker	Miller South School	“Mousie”
Sam Freiberg	Old Trail School	“The Bedroom”
Rocco LaRose	Old Trail School	“Untitled”
Zachary Wendein	Old Trail School	“Untitled”

Visual Art - Collaborative - Division I - 1st Place

"Children Are the Future: To Cradle It, To Reshape It"

By Meghan Caprez and Lauren Fallucco

Grade 7

St. Sebastian Elementary School

Teacher: Katrina Stoneman



We entered this contest because we wanted to make a difference. We wanted to show people how a young person interprets what happened in the Holocaust, and how the world can change over time.

We decided to make a boxcar in honor of all Jewish people who were stuck in a small, smelly space in a cattle car. The cradled

world symbolizes the past changing. Children are the future and that's why we are being taught to spread peace. We understand the meaning of war and peace, and we realize that if there are not examples like our artwork, history is going to repeat itself.

Visual Art – Collaborative – Division I - 2nd Place

"Do We Repeat the Past Through Time"

By Jack Brady, Nate Mills and Joseph Wilde

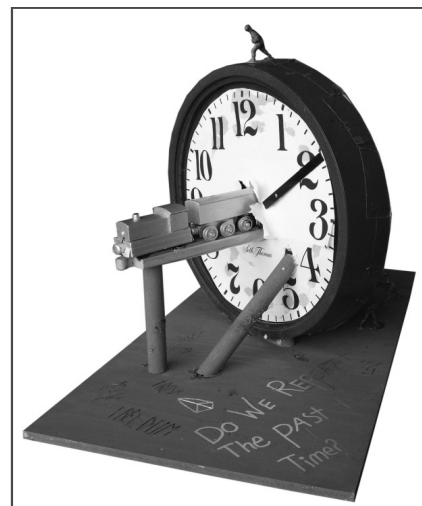
Grade 6

St. Sebastian Elementary School

Teacher: Katrina Stoneman



"One of the most important lessons of the Holocaust is remembrance. We chose the clock to represent time. And we chose the train to symbolize the transformation of time from a turbulent past into a more hopeful and understanding future."



(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust)

Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 1st Place

“Hope Shines Through the Dark Past”

By Samuel Kittinger

Grade 10

Firestone High School

Teacher: Steven Csejtey



My work, “Hope Shines Through the Dark Past”, reflects the theme of “Remembering the past to reshape the future” because back when the Holocaust was happening, the persecuted were in a dark state, but yet hope shined through to help the violence and segregation stop.

Although they are sometimes forgotten, and although we may not remember sometimes, in the past events of horrific tragedy, there is always that one dim, but large realization that there may be some ray of hope, in every one of the people that survive. And there are those who would die for the day they would see the sun rise again and greet them to another blessed morning among the living. These people will never truly be forgotten if the world knows to learn from past experience.



Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 2nd Place

“The Gelem”

By Alanna Bodman

Grade 10

Firestone High School

Teacher: Steven Csejtey

Gelem means “raw material” in Hebrew. There is no way to erase the past, just as there is no way to change the state of matter on the earth; but perhaps with love and care and thought, we can mold what we have into something greater. Perhaps this new shape will be devoid of flaws such as discrimination.



Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 3rd Place (Tie)

“A Reflection Her Younger Self”

By Anna Dzurovcin

Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Felice Troutman



The older lady is holding the Star of David in her hand. She remembers her past and her life as a young Jewish girl during the Holocaust. Her memory as a young girl reflects in the mirror. She remembers the pain, the struggle, and the loss. The pain of losing family members, neighbors, and friends is so unbearable. But she's strong and she will not give up her faith. She's learned a lot from her past experiences and she chooses to move forward and help prevent history from repeating itself. She wants everyone to know what happened.

Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 3rd Place (Tie)

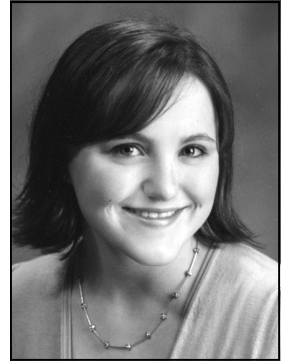
“Precedent Moments of Hatred: A Vision of Harmony”

By Allison Ross

Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Felice Troutman



For my composition, it was a priority to answer all elements of the topic (past, present, future).

The left depicts the past, with a girl looking out, her hair cut off, and a number printed into her arm. The colors used make the atmosphere of the Holocaust, cold/dark.

The right portrays the present, issues in the world (genocide in Sudan) and America (Iraqi War). Two girls symbolize children left homeless in Sudan. Soldier/baby represents lives lost everyday to the Iraqi war.

The images are shown from a projector, in a classroom where learning brings people together to make changes for tomorrow.



Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 4th Place (Tie)

“Life In a Pair of Holocaust Pants-Try These on a Moment”

By Lindsey Bartkowski

Grade 11

Archbishop Hoban High School

Teacher: Margot Eiseman



"When I came to power, I did not want the concentration camps to become old age pensioners' homes, but instruments of terror." Adolf Hitler, a man who created the "final solution" and killed over six million people, once said this to his fellow generals. I really have to wonder what possessed him to want to murder millions of innocent people. The idea that killing people would help him gain power and unity is simply ridiculous. It is important that the Holocaust is recognized and remembered though, even if its events are terribly sad and unforgivable, because it should be a priority for everyone that nothing like it ever happens again. I, myself, decided to create a pair of pants that reflects the Holocaust. I chose pants because it is something that most people wear and a piece of clothing that was commonly taken from the prisoners who were forced into concentration camps. The prisoners were usually forced to strip naked and their clothes were put in a pile. Pants were probably a very common garment that the victims had to remove. Anyways, after I carefully selected my pair of pants to use, I made rips, cuts, and stains on them. Then, I shredded them in parts and put blood-colored paint on the jeans to symbolize the people being beaten and shot at the concentration camps. In addition to rips in the pants, I wrote down poems, facts, stories, and signs that were about the Holocaust. Next, I drew Hitler's face on the front of the pants and put the Nazi symbol by him to show that he was the primary person responsible for the Holocaust. Lastly, I sponged on the words "Holocaust" and "Survive" to further emphasize that the Holocaust is an unforgettable event. Creating this piece was not exactly pleasant, and it was painful and sad, indeed. My experience did help me realize the true events of the Holocaust, though, and let me see the reality of it all.

Visual Art – Individual – Division II - 4th Place (Tie)

“Tradition”

By Abby Verbosky

Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller

In taking this photograph I chose to focus on the contrast between the bright young woman and her older grief stricken parents. I chose to take this photograph in this particularly traditional moment because as stories are passed from generation to generation, so are traditions. The stories of the Holocaust will always be with this family just as the reading of the Torah. In the wet lab I made the parents appear darker, because of their past and how they were directly affected. I made the daughter lighter to represent the bright hope of the future.



Visual Art – Individual – Division II - Honorable Mentions

Student	School	Title or Art
Chris Ulrich	Firestone High School	“From Past to Peace”
Rachel Payne	Green High School	“Never Again”
Leah Platt	Green High School	“Peace and Unrest”
Amanda Donatelli	Springfield High School	“Everlasting Image”
Cesare Holland	Springfield High School	“Wrong”
Amanda Rininger	Springfield High School	“Hated”
Jessica Shoemaker	Springfield High School	“Remember the Past”
Chad Wagner	Springfield High School	“Tears of Hope for the Future”

Visual Art – Collaborative – Division II - 1st Place

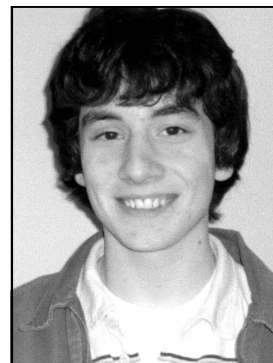
“Opening the Door to the Future”

By Andrea Alberti, and Brian Walker

Grade 11

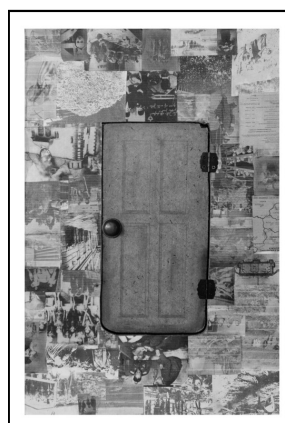
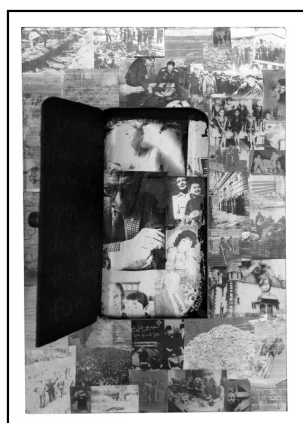
Archbishop Hoban High School

Teacher: Margot Eiseman



Andrea – On the artwork, we focused on sticking closely to the topic, Learning from the Past For the Future. Our idea came from the image and symbol of “opening the door to the future” and put it in a more literal sense. We used two masonite boards for the project and created a collage with pictures of people and scenes during the Holocaust. The pictures are of survivors and their children, as well. We put the pictures from the Holocaust on the outer “layer” of masonite, outside of the door, to show the past; then, we put pictures of survivors and their children on the inside of the door to represent the future. So, in a sense, the observer is going through the past and opening the door to the future. This artwork is meant to be interactive for the observers.

Brian – For this project my partner and I really wanted to focus on the theme: *Lessons of the Holocaust: Remembering the Past to Reshape the Future*. The Holocaust was a time of so much sadness for so many people in the world and it affects everyone still today. We wish to send a message of hope to people and to prove our strength and courage against the evil of the Holocaust. We show that the Holocaust happened and that it was a horrible thing on the surface of the art work. Then, through the door we have continued our journey into the future honoring and remembering everyone from the past. We also provide evidence of the survivors and even the surviving memories of the heroes and courageous people that lived during that time period. Even though the Holocaust happened we can take the understandings we obtained from it and use the memories to be strong, learn from, and prevent from ever happening again. We are strong and will remain strong in the future.



(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust)



Creative Multimedia – Individual – Division I - 1st Place

“Learning From a Survivor”

By Rone Ohayon

Grade 7

Lippman Day School

Teacher: Sarah Bricklin



For my Holocaust project, I chose to interview a Holocaust survivor from Germany. He was separated from his parents as a young child, and, with faith in God, as well as luck, was reunited with both parents after the war. I chose to do this for my project because there is so much to learn from a person who actually experienced the Holocaust, and they are proof that this terrible event in history actually happened. The Holocaust is not just a myth from people who want pity, and by learning the truth about the Holocaust we can begin to make sure this never happens again.

Creative Multimedia – Individual – Division II - 1st Place

“The Holocaust Voices From the Grave”

By Cynthia Robinson

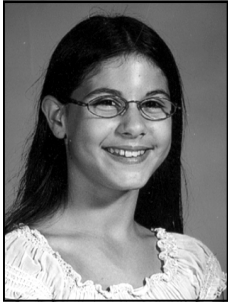
Grade 11

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



The accompanying presentation is a personal interpretation which allowed me to express my thoughts on the Holocaust of Nazi Germany. In order to get my point across, I wrote a poem that portrayed my thoughts on the Holocaust of the past and those of the present. In order to prevent such a disaster in the future, we've got to stop the holocausts happening presently. We can all make a difference, it just takes a little bit of love and a lot of effort. The presentation is in hopes of imposing the concept of everybody making a difference in the world.



Creative Multimedia – Collaborative – Division I - 1st Place

“Where Did We Go Wrong?”

By Rachel Ake, Ernie Calhon (not shown) and Samuel Slovisky (not shown)

Grade 6

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter

My group and I decided to do this project because we really wanted to get the message out that what happened during the Holocaust should never happen again. All of the killing, violence, and racism were wrong. Of course, we wouldn't want to be killed, but if it meant saving someone who was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, we would die for him or her in a heartbeat.

“Where Did We Go Wrong?”



Creative Multimedia – Collaborative – Division I - 2nd Place

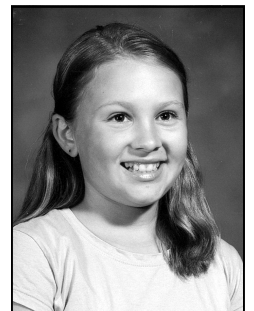
“Memories of Yesterday Bring Thoughts of Tomorrow”

By Emily Baker, Suzanne Magazzeni and Hannah Walsh

Grade 6

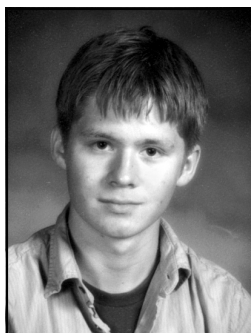
Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts

Teacher: Bonnie Wachter



We have created a DVD of an original dance that shows how we need to remember the past. It also shows that when we learn about the past we can all come together to stop discrimination. Our dance starts out with a young Holocaust child. When the child runs off, a present day child comes in. The present day child does not realize what happened in the past. When the teacher comes in, she teaches the child about the past. The child then realizes how serious the previous hardships came to be. The child now will try to make sure this does not happen again.





Creative Multimedia – Collaborative – Division II - 1st Place

BEST OF THE BEST

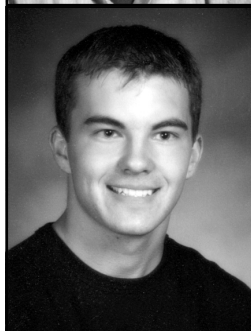
“Cycle of Atrocity”

By Kyle Westhafer and Ryan Woods

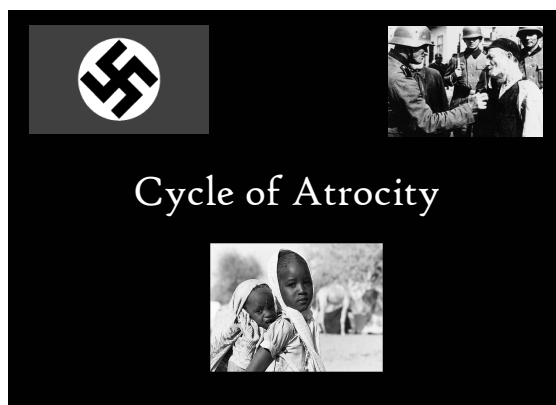
Grade 11

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



We wrote, performed, and recorded “Cycle of Atrocity,” to accompany a pictorial PowerPoint presentation. In this presentation, we begin with an approximate chronological sequence, beginning with Die Kristallnacht and ending with photographs of the aftermath of Nazi death camps. We then focus on recent holocausts, such as Rwandan genocide. The presentation then focuses on the ongoing crisis in Darfur, Sudan. We give suggestions that one might take part in to alleviate that situation. We believe that one can prevent future holocausts by learning from what has come before.



Creative Multimedia – Collaborative – Division II - 2nd Place

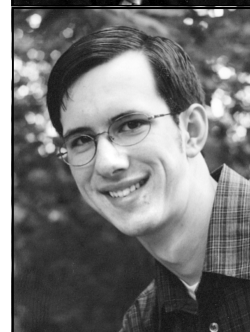
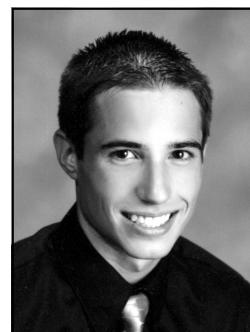
“The Many Faces of the Holocaust”

By Michael Bortz (not pictured), Daniel Dobson and Christopher Mellinger

Grade 12

Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



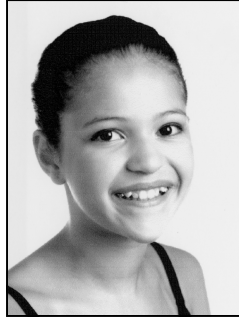
Our presentation, The Many Faces of the Holocaust, mentions the Holocaust was conducted under Hitler in Germany against “inferior” peoples only in comparisons with other genocides around the world, answering the theme of “Remembering the Past to Reshape the Future” by portraying in chronological



order these events as deserving no less infamy than the Jewish genocide. We feel that the world has shown apathy toward genocide in its actions, even though many claim to remember the Holocaust. The last slide in the presentation calls for action against genocides in the future asking, “[What future] will we choose?”

Creative Writing
Division I – 1st Place
"One Heart"

Keila Hamed-Ramos
Grade 6, Lippman Day School
Teacher: Sarah Brickman



March 1, 1940

Class was good today. Science is still going terribly. I helped mama bake cookies. Chocolate chip and sugar. Yum. Time to go, dinner is ready.

The sky is blue.
The grass is green.
Everyone gets along.
One family. One love.
One heart.

June 22, 1940

Hannah and I were walking home from school today and we saw strange men dressed in black on the street. They stopped us and asked where we were going. I said that we were going home. They gave us cold looks and let us go. We ran like our pants were on fire! I still have homework to do. Bye!

The Nazis come.
Invade France.
They want all the Jews.
Should we help save them?
One family. One task.
One heart.

April 5, 1941

Our next door neighbors are Jewish. Mama and Papa are talking about helping them. My brother Ralf is a leader in the Nazi youth group. I'm not allowed to tell him what I heard Mama and Papa talking about. How silly it is not being allowed to tell your own brother how you are helping others. Mama says it is a big risk. I pray that no one will find out. I must go now. See you tomorrow.

To love is an amazing adventure.
To do what is right,
Is even more.
One religion. One prayer.
Torn heart.

My brother is a Nazi.
I am scared.
Will he tell on us?
I feel broken apart.
My thoughts. My brother.
My heart

March 17, 1942

Ralf told on us. His own family! I can't believe it! We are being sent to a concentration camp. We can only pack a few belongings. I am going to pack you, of course. I'm so scared. Mama says everything is going to be fine, but I don't think so. Bye.

My brother has
Betrayed us.
Concentration camp.
One family. Endless Nazis.
One heart.

May 8, 1943

We are at the concentration camp. It's very scary. Everyone here is sick. Even my own strong Mama is sick. I feel very scared and sad. They give us little food and we heard about people being sent to gas chambers! I must go. The Nazi guards are calling us for a roll call.

My mother is dying.
I can see it in her eyes.
She tries to be strong.
Will she make it?
One mother. One camp.
One heart.

June 19, 1944

People have been saying Germany is losing the war. I am excited. Is it true? I sure hope it is. I am sick of being at this terrible place for so long. I want to be free again. Oh, I must go. Mama needs something. I'm so happy she is still alive!

August 15th 1945

We are free! All of us. I'm so happy. Papa says that we are going to go to America – the land of freedom. I'm afraid Ralf can't come though, putting all those people in danger. Even his own family. I will miss him. We don't even know what happened to him. I'm too happy to be sad so I won't think about it. America. Just the sound of the word gives me the jitters. Oh, I must go. I will write down all my adventures on your pages. Bye! Next time in America!

I am free!
We are all free!
What now?
Father says America.
No Hitler. No Holocaust.
One beginning.

Creative Writing

Division I – 2nd Place

"Holocaust Horrors Reborn"

Donna Bell

Grade 8, Green Middle School

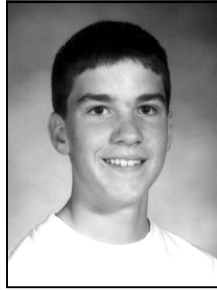
Teacher: Carrie Jacobs

The deafening silence reverberates off the cell walls
Reminding us of the horrors we experience
Ashes fly through the sky
Coating the ground with a dusty remembrance
Cries emerge from the shower rooms
As they fill with the deadly gas
Convincing us that our most horrifying nightmare
Has become a most frightening reality
The bitter wind whips at our mangled bodies
Sending a sudden shock to our nerves
In a desperate attempt to move our numbing limbs
Losing hope now could only ensure a ruthless death
Whether it be by gas or hunger
By gun or whip
We could all end up in an unmarked grave
Prayers were lost
Lives forgotten
And souls left restless

They came from foreign lands
Freeing our mutilated bodies
And regaining our lost identities
Now centuries later
Horrific scenes again unfold
Not in Europe, but Africa
The people are slaughtered
The women raped
While the children are left abandoned
To wander the heated desert alone
Was there no lesson learned
Has the world gone mad
Is history truly repeating itself
The graphic scenes flash before my eyes
Drawing tears to flood
And slip free down my cheeks
As the truth unfolds
The tightening in my chest
And still dampened cheeks
Reflect my inner torment
With great pain and agony
My gaze is torn from the ghastly truth
Only to land at my last physical memory
The photo stood small but symbolic
As the paper yellowed with age
Four loving faces stare back at me
Through a thin plate of glass
They will never be forgotten
Always thriving in my heart
But their names are lost
To the world that surrounds me
They speak silent words that beckon to me
Coax me to take a stand
To fight for the people being massacred by others
With their silent cries I pull myself together
These people will have their salvation
As I had mine
The battle will be long
But we will triumph over this prejudice
Just as we did back then
But I fear the war will never truly end

Creative Writing
Division I – 3rd Place
“My Golden Hero”

Johsua Fisher
Grade 8, Green Middle School
Teacher: Carrie Jacobs



They marched into my city,
My home of thirteen years;
They took away my family,
And filled my eyes with tears.

The sent me off to darkness
With not a sign of light;
They sent me off to agony,
A terribly horrid sight.

I felt the great emotion;
I heard the shrieking cries;
I saw that there were kids like me
With my tears in their eyes.

What did I do wrong?
How can I correct
The fact that I'm a Jew,
The fact that they object?

I see the ruthlessness;
I see the great brutality;
I see the silenced mercy
That separates from reality.

They weren't given mercy!
They weren't spared the sorrow!
My family was killed by animals!
They'd never see tomorrow!

How will I go on?
How will I survive?
I haven't a single idea,
I just know to stay alive.

When darkness fell upon me,
It rose back up in fright;
Our chamber door broke open
And I saw a golden light.

A man in green walked in,
On his head a silver star;
He put his hand on my shoulder
And said, "You are free...Each of you are!"

The man who set me free,
My giver of liberation,
Became my Golden Hero,
The key to my salvation.

I cannot tell the future,
But I can certainly remember the past;
I hope to never again see the Holocaust,
That hope is sure to last.

If acts of genocide occur,
Justice must be there;
Just like my Golden Hero,
To have the heart to care.

Creative Writing Division I – 4th Place
“History Repeats Itself”

Adrien Fernandez, Grade 8
Green Middle School
Teacher: Carrie Jacobs

The Genocide in Sudan isn't anything new
It happened in the forties too
There were malicious attacks against millions of
Jewish civilians
History repeats itself
Thousands died horrifically in Rwanda
The Tutsis and Hutus against one another
Millions died in grotesque ways
A powerful army against one religion fighting for
their beliefs
History repeats itself
The leader of the Cambodian genocide,
Combined his thoughts and no disregard for human
life
To kill thousands of husbands, children, and wives
Hitler wanted the perfect race
He thought the Jews were just a disgrace
History repeats itself
Bosnians were tortured to death
By tying people up and shooting them in the back
It was an unjust attack

Jews were gassed, shot, and burnt alive
 All so the Nazis could continue to thrive
 History repeats itself
 Millions hated Mao Tsi Tong
 No one spoke out against him, that was wrong
 The Germans knew,
 What was happening to a Jew
 Not a word was spoken
 History repeats itself
 There are so many similarities in these events
 It just goes to show,
 History repeats itself

Creative Writing Division I
Honorable Mention
“Genocide Hasn’t Died”

Betsy Dobson
 Grade 8, Green Middle School
 Teacher: Carrie Jacobs



The Holocaust may be over.
 Even today people face
 Terrible tragedies of their last breath.
 It may not be worse than the Holocaust.
 We need to teach our children,
 For the past loss of humanity.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

People still suffer today.
 We need to keep this problem at bay,
 We need to help them, to save them.
 We need to learn more
 About the past and present,
 So we can help eliminate
 This ever existing problem.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

The disasters will continue.
 If we don’t stop them,
 Innocent victims will die.
 They are beaten and murdered.
 Why do they have to go through the suffering,
 For the whims of another race?
 Genocide hasn’t died.

Starving skeletons of malnourished humans
 Wander around looking for humanity.
 Even the smallest bit of food will please them.
 If we don’t stop it now
 It may happen to you or me.
 We can’t see into the future.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

Thousands of innocent people taken
 Into a life of torture and humiliation,
 Only to have wretched death.
 Jews, Gypsies, and Homosexuals,
 With handicaps and several others,
 Are sent to death or labor camps.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

The pleasure of one man
 At the loss of another’s life,
 In a gas chamber at Auschwitz.
 “Arbeit macht frei,”
 Or “Work makes one free,”
 So reads the sign outside.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

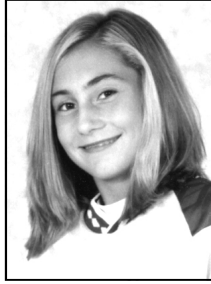
Huge “showers” aren’t what you may think.
 They only help the Nazis,
 Taken from their homes, only to be
 Trapped in ghettos as they suffer.
 Sharing a small house with other people,
 Resembling nothing of a home.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

Hope is the only thing left.
 The hope of a better life,
 The hope of liberation day.
 Hope keeps them going.
 The hope of seeing their family,
 The hope of a safe home.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

They all have dreams.
 Dreams of a husband or wife.
 We need to make it possible
 For those dreams to become reality.
 Genocide hasn’t died.

Creative Writing - Division I
Honorable Mention
"I Close My Eyes"

Jessacca Gironda
Grade 8, Green Middle School
Teacher: Carrie Jacobs



I see the tiny Kurdish girl, who has lived a night-
mare, tortured, broken, tears fill her eyes.
I see the little Bosnian boy, afraid, without a family,
surrounded by mass murder, alone he dies.
I see the young Rwanda mother, raped, mutilated,
murdered, as her tearful children stand by.
They are only a few of the mass many, subjected
to the brutality of their leaders.
All I can ask is why?

I close my eyes.
I see Hitler.
I see Saddam.
I see Milosevic.
I see Habyarimana.
It is all such a blur.
I remember my torturous past.
I see the horrific present and
I wonder how this genocide can still occur.

I am simply an old, tired Holocaust survivor,
who wakes from harrowing nightmares,
who still lives with excruciating fears.
I remember the gas chamber,
the hideous stench of decaying bodies,
the bloody massacres, endless atrocities,
still painful after all these years.
My broken heart still yearns for my
Jewish loved ones forever lost.
However, it aches even more for victims of today's
modern day holocaust.

I close my eyes.
I see Germany.
I see Iraq.
I see Yugoslavia.
I see Rwanda.
It is all such a blur.
I remember my torturous past.
Why has it become the horrific present?
Why does this genocide still occur?

I am old. God will soon call me home.
Before my time on earth comes to pass,
I plead to all humanity;
I have only one last thing that I ask.
My sad story, history has told.
You know of my suffering and sorrow.
Unite together, end the modern day atrocities and
ensure a peaceful tomorrow.
I close my eyes for the last time,
I breathe my last breath.
Do not close your eyes, stop these horrible
crimes; prevent this senseless death.

Creative Writing
Division I – Honorable Mention
"Memories in The Dark"

Karlie Jones
Grade 8, St. Joseph School
Teacher: Carrie Jacobs

I remember it all too well
So much horror I could not tell
Remembering all of my fears
Trying to fight back my tears
But the memories of the children's cries
Sends the tears falling from my eyes.

The trains came one by one
Taking us to a place where there was no sun
We were treated like animals in a herd
But nobody spoke a single word
As we arrived we were marked on the arm
To keep track of all who came to the death farm.

In groups we were sent to all different places
We longed to see our families' faces
I remember the chambers and smell of gas
The long days, that seemed to never pass
As for others they had to be slaves
Shoveling bodies into graves.

Little food made great starvation
What had happened to God's great nation?
Our bodies grew weaker by the hour
But we could not do anything against their power
I also wondered how God must feel
Seeing his children go through this ordeal.

Beaten and tortured every day
But still nothing we could do or say
Gassed, shot, starving to death
Waiting for us to take our last breath
Chains and fences made it impossible to run
We waited our turn for our lives to be done.

Lifeless bodies lying on the ground
Making not one movement nor a sound
Experiments that made us sick
With every pill and needle prick
But only these are some of the tragic scenes
They would hurt and kill you by other means.

Many were killed, survivors were few
They tried to erase the nightmares they knew
They go on to tell the horrific stories of their past
In hopes that the world will be peaceful at last
They are saddened that hatred lives on
Hoping that it will soon be gone.

The days pass with memories so clear
Love and compassion is what they long to hear
In a world with so many religions and races
Everyone should be equal in all places
So for now they hope for the best
And pray to God to do the rest.

Creative Writing - Division I Honorable Mention

“When Will We Learn”

Alexandra Kozak

Grade 8, Green Middle School

Teacher: Carrie Jacobs



“Wake up libeling, wake up Marie”

“Mother, please just a few more minutes!”

“No, you are already late, now get up!” Groggily, I got out of bed, dressed and headed downstairs to breakfast. Papa was reading his newspaper, Niklas was eating, and Mama was cooking at the warm, glowing stove. I sat down to eat eggs and toast when Papa looked up from his paper and said, “Chancellor Hitler will be speaking at Berlin. We will make the journey this weekend.”

“Alright,” mother said with a sigh, “I will make us a lunch and you will buy the tickets Lukas.”

“Guten Tag Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Guten Tag Marie!”

“Guten Tag Sarah” we chanted. Sarah was my best and most loyal friend. We were the same age and even in the same class. We walked to school together almost every day.

“Hurry Marie or we will be late for school!”

“I am coming,” I said as I grabbed my books. “Bye Mama, Bye Papa!”

* * *

Sarah and I got to class just before Mrs. Braun, our teacher, came into the classroom. “Class, we have been sent new books from Chancellor Hitler. Now, as I call your name, please come forward to receive them.”

During those next few weeks there were many changes at school, in our town, and to the personalities of those around me. My father, mother and even Niklas did not want me to associate with Sarah or any other Jews, and they refused to buy any Jewish products. Just about all the people in our town that were not Jewish were acting as if the Jews were lower than the dirt we walk on. The Jews were being discriminated against. As if being snubbed was not enough, many lost their jobs and they were forced to register and wear the Star of David visibly at all times. I did not understand it, all these Jewish families I knew well, and there was no difference between them and me. I just did not get it.

Then it happened, June 28, 1933, I was fourteen and so naïve. That morning Nazi tanks and jeeps came into our town of Tiergarten asking for young, strong men to sign up and join them. My Papa and brother Niklas, at a young, ripe age of seventeen, both registered and were told to be ready to leave the following morning. My mother and I wept when we heard the news. It was not right at all. My father was growing old and would not be able to keep up with the younger men and my brother had not yet turned eighteen, he still had his whole life to live. I cried myself to sleep that night not knowing that my life had forever changed as soon as those Nazi tanks rolled into town.

I woke up to the clatter of pots and pans in the kitchen. I crept down the stairs to see my mother cooking up a storm. She had been preparing food all night to put in baskets for my brother and father. She turned to me and I could see so much

sorrow in her eyes. They were like faucets just bursting to run. I looked away for fear that I may too start to cry, I had to be strong for Mama.

Papa and Niklas came down in their dark green uniforms. The swastika was visible on their left arm. Mama gave them the baskets, and as she hugged Niklas she whispered, "You are too young to die." She turned to receive a kiss from Papa and an embrace that lasted almost forever. As I hugged my father he spoke these words to me, "Have faith." I remembered those words for all my years to come. I still continue to live my life by that saying. As I released him I took in the aroma of tobacco from his pipe and let go. As I went to Niklas I made him promise me that he would stay safe. He sealed his promise with an embrace. As they turned to leave, Papa put two tickets into Mama's hand and said, "I want you both to go to America. When the war is over we will meet you there."

"No Lukas, we will not leave you!" she screamed, and the faucet finally burst.

"Barbra, I am ordering you to!" He barked back in response, but I could hear the softness behind his voice. We watched them walk down the street. When we could see them no longer my mother said with great sadness in her voice, "Go upstairs and pack."

I look back now as an old woman on the events of the Holocaust and I realize how similar all these genocides in Sudan, Rwanda and many others are. The Holocaust was so horrific that I cannot even begin to describe it and I was not even Jewish. We received word a few years later in our American home that both my brother and father had died. I wished I could have rewound time to stop them from leaving that day to prevent this from happening, but it was too late. My mother was devastated. Later in the week I woke up one morning to find that she had died in her sleep. My mother had lost all faith and hope. Her spirit had died the day Niklas and Papa left and her body had finally caught up.

People are suffering again and it is time to put a stop to it. Another Holocaust is my greatest fear. Millions were killed in the 1940's and sixty years later we still have not learned from it. We don't need another mass genocide to help us realize that we were wrong.

Creative Writing - Division I Honorable Mention

"The End of the Beginning"

Allison Roane

Grade 8, Green Middle School

Teacher: Carrie Jacobs



Genocide, it may be only one word, but if you read in between the letters, it screams out tragedy. Appalling thoughts are going through the minds of innocent genocide victims today. No one should ever have to go through what the Jews of the Holocaust went through. We need to use the past to help prevent another Holocaust and stop genocide all around the world.

I sat down in my favorite chair and turned on the television set. It was tuned to the local news channel. The news anchors were talking about genocide in Darfur, Sudan. Over 35,000 people died over there and it only started in 2002. I sat there, horrified, as the thoughts of the Holocaust crept back to my brain. This motivated me to tell the tragic story of my past.

I was sixteen years old when Adolph Hitler was appointed chancellor of Germany. I was living in Krakow, Poland which is a major city on the banks of the Vistula River. I had a loving father who ran a paper mill on the river, a kind and gentle mother who was a housewife, and a troublesome little sister. I had many friends and relatives who were very dear to me. My home life was almost perfect with some few exceptions.

On September 1st, 1939 the German Nazis took over Krakow as well as the surrounding cities and towns of Poland and war broke out. We were ordered to report to the front of our house so we could be transported to the outskirts of Krakow. Once reaching our destination, we saw a village-like area surrounded by stone walls. At the entrances there were SS men guarding them so they could make sure we didn't escape. The ghetto contained horrible, inhumane living conditions. We had to share our little house with our neighbors, who had five children, so it was quite overcrowded. Every minute I spent in the ghetto made me hope that I would return home, safe and sound with my family.

After about two years of living in the ghetto, we woke up to the rapid yells of the German Nazis. We were abashed by the words, since we could pronounce very little German. Military-like trucks drove up behind the SS men and screeched to a halt.

Suddenly, the air around me was filled with screams and yells. I turned towards my mother and couldn't say anything. She couldn't say anything either, but she could see in my eyes that I didn't want to leave her. Soon, it was my group's turn to be put into the trucks and sent to concentration camps. SS officers pulled my mother, father, and sister in different directions. I screamed and yelled for them, but the SS officer just told me to shut up or he'll kill me. That made me quiet. I looked into my family's eyes one last time, knowing that deep in my heart I would never see them again.

We piled into the truck; well it's more like they threw us into the truck. The engine roared to life and we started going down the bumpy dirt road. I stared out the window; my mind was swarming with thoughts about what would happen to my family, as well as me. Tears trickled down my cheeks and I prayed with all my strength that everything would be alright.

After an hour of driving, we approached a small brick building. I could see a massive box car train sitting on the rusty tracks. We stepped out of the truck and we were quickly counted. Suddenly, we heard a piercing shot that came from behind us. We hastily turned around and saw a young girl behind us, covered in blood. A sickening feeling crept back to my stomach as we boarded the train.

There were no seats or windows. It was dark, cramped, and the stench that longed in the air was indescribable. I closed my eyes, praying that it was all a dream and I was going to wake up staring at the ceiling of my bedroom. My eyes snapped open and I realized that this was reality and I couldn't change it. I had no one, not my family, or my friends. Just I, and simply I, riding in the cramped train. The train puffed smoke and started towards our destination.

After what seemed like five years of riding the train, it came to a screeching halt. We were thrown out of the train and all stared at the huge stone building that was standing before us.

"Ravensbrueck" was carved into a wooden sign that hung below a wooden arch. The building looked like a factory, with dark green vines covering the stone with several smaller buildings scattered around it. It was surrounded by fences of dull barbed wire and there was a watch tower hovering above the premises. To the north of the main building, there was an unusually small building on the edge of the fence. I later learned it was used as a whipping room to punish the prisoners when they misbehaved. We were counted once again and led to one of the small buildings. We were walking towards our undecided futures.

Upon entering the building, I was immediately disgusted. The place was filthy! There was dirt everywhere, mildew on the ceilings, and the floor was covered with something that was a brownish color. The SS man who was leading us opened the door to our bunks. It was a dull, white room with moldy wooden floors. The walls were covered with three-tiered bunks and you could see scrawny faces poking out from the small space. You could see in their eyes that they wanted to give up, but not just yet. I chose a bunk near the window and quickly fell asleep, unknowing of what was going to happen tomorrow.

We woke up the next morning at 7:00 A.M. and put on our striped uniforms we were required to wear. There was a black "P", which stands for Poland, sewn into the front of our uniforms and a yellow star pinned to our fronts. We were then told to march to the front of the main factory to receive our jobs.

The factory we worked for was called The Siemens Electric Company, which made electrical components for V-1 and V-2 rockets to be used in the war. The SS man randomly pointed to several girls and told them to go into the factory. The rest of the girls, including me, were assigned to knit uniforms for the German soldiers.

We worked from 7:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. We were given very little food and little sanitary water. The conditions at Ravensbrueck were horrible and I hated it there more and more every day. Many of the girls were victims of unethical medical experiments which later resulted in death. I grew blisters on my fingers from knitting so much so my hands were constantly hurting. This pain and torture went on for five more painful years.

I was liberated on April 29th, 1945 in The Siemens Electric Company in Germany. The American soldiers who liberated us announced that Germany had surrendered, the war was finally over! I looked into the eyes of the soldier who liberated me and thanked him silently. I smiled and knew that I, along with many other girls, was finally free from this tragedy of a life. I knew that this was the end and I know faced a new beginning.

I was never re-acquainted with my father, mother, and sister. I later found out that my parents were exterminated in Auschwitz along with my little sister. I miss them terribly, but I know they're in the loving arms of God. Genocide hasn't died; it still goes on in different parts of the world. By learning about the horrors of the Holocaust, we can prevent similar events from happening again. No one should ever have to experience what I had to experience in the past. We need to help the innocent victims of genocide and stop these events from re-occurring once again.

Creative Writing - Division II

1st Place

"Getting It"

Jena Jenkins

Grade 12, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



She was running.

That was all Naomi could remember from her dream last night - that she had been running, and fast. As she stood brushing her platinum blond hair, carefully running the neon pink brush down each and every strand, she struggled to recall from what, exactly, she had been running. Ultimately ending up at a loss, Naomi gently set the bright brush down on the bathroom counter, and walked out to complete her preparations for school. She only really had one thing left to do - to put on her jet black platform shoes. In truth, she was already rather tall to begin with - nearly 5' 11" - and the additional height boost made her feel embarrassed, but her current boyfriend liked it when she made herself even taller, despite the fact that he himself was only 5' 3". So everyday Naomi put on the tallest shoes that she had, even buying a few new pairs, to please him.

With her black platforms securely on her feet, Naomi hopped back up, giving herself one last look in the mirror, to ensure immaculance. As her cerulean eyes reflected back at her, she made one last effort to remember what had been chasing her in her dream the night before. Still unsuccessful, she frowned at herself in the mirror, and sprinted away to wait for her boyfriend to take her to school.

She was running.

As Aloisia charged through the streets, pushing herself to go faster and faster, she stole a quick look behind her. They were still there, laughing and taunting, picking up cans and trash as they went to chuck at her. Aloisia wanted to stop, to cry, but she refused to, at least until they would finally get bored and leave. They would, eventually. They always did.

At last, a half hour later, Aloisia got a brief period of rest; she had escaped for the time being, due to some clever maneuvering on her part. She curled up into a ball, placing her head on top of her knees, panting and crying at the same time. After several minutes in this state, Aloisia lifted her head up, and brushed her disoriented deep brown hair from her

equally disoriented deep brown eyes. She wiped a streak of blood from her cheek that was emerging from a successful can strike, and wiped the blood across the yellow star on her sleeve, watching as the drops seeped into the fabric. After taking a deep breath a minute later, Aloisia stood up, ready to continue her perilous trek to school. It looked like she would be late today.

Naomi ran her graceful fingers through the dark hair of her boyfriend, sitting in front of her in class. He recoiled from the touch, turning around slightly to give her a deadly glare. Naomi knew that he hated it when she touched his hair, but it was so soft, she couldn't help herself sometimes. She always cursed herself later for doing it; she was lucky to be dating him at all, (he was the self-proclaimed King of the School, after all,) and she didn't want to ruin things with her petty wants.

After class, Naomi apologized to him in hallway, and though he still looked agitated, he said he would forgive her. "Just don't do it again," was all he said. By lunchtime though, he was wholly himself again, cheerful, and laughing with his princely friends. As she spooned lime jello into his mouth, a small mass of deep cedar hair and baggy clothes passed by the table, heading toward the nearby trash disposal units. The mass threw a brown paper bag into one of the units, and started to walk back to the table of its origin. Naomi's boyfriend and boyfriend's crew paused in their current stream of laughter to unsobly whisper insults of "freak" and "loser" to the mass. The mass, picking up its pace to escape the taunts, dropped a book in its rush. Although realizing this, the mass did not turn around to pick it back up. Naomi, while her boyfriend was still chuckling over his spectacularly original insults, picked up the book, and flipped through the pages; it was about a young girl amidst the Holocaust. Before she could really get into it though, Naomi's boyfriend nudged her to continue feeding him, and she slipped the book into her bag, out of sight.

A little before noon, Aloisia started making her way back home to her parents shop. Soldiers had just come and ordered all the students to go home; considering that they were lighting the building on fire as they were leaving, Aloisia imagined she would now be spending a lot of time at home, helping her parents in their store.

As Aloisia walked around straightening the things on the store's shelves, an old childhood friend of hers, Helena, entered the store. Helena had heard about what had happened to Aloisia's and many other kids' schools that day, and had skipped class herself to see how she was doing. Helena, with sandy blond hair and crisp sapphire eyes, wasn't Jewish.

The two friends went into the back of shop, where the excess stock was, and talked for a long time, until it was about the time that Helena's school would be letting out. Helena then got up and headed home, telling Aloisia that she would try to sneak back again later that week.

Throwing her backpack on the floor and plopping down on her bed, Naomi closed her eyes and let her mind wander for a moment. Suddenly, she thought of the book that Lydia, (aka "the mass"), had dropped earlier that day, and pulled it out of her bag. She began reading it; she didn't really know why, something to pass the time until Phineas, (aka "her boyfriend") called with the night's hangout, she supposed, because she normally hated to read. Even so, she was a fast reader, and it was a short book, and so by the time that Phineas did finally call, she was almost a quarter of the way through it. She put it into her purse as Phineas pulled into her driveway, and then headed out the door and into his car; he hated having to wait for her. A half hour later found Naomi, Phineas, and the same faces from lunch now sitting in a local fast food joint. After another ten minutes had passed, Naomi noticed a familiar face in the form of Lydia, pouring over the night's homework, fries disappearing behind cedar hair every so often. When Phineas and his gang started to leave, passing by Lydia's table, Naomi pulled the book from her purse, and held it out to her. Lydia looked up at her.

You, um, dropped this earlier today, uh, during lunch," Naomi explained. Lydia stared at her, then at the book, with a twinge of suspicion. After letting a few seconds of deliberation pass, Lydia cautiously reached out, and snatched the book from Naomi's hands. Lydia mumbled a "thank you", and began flipping through the pages, searching for damage, occasionally eyeing Naomi, who still stood there.

Completing her flipping, Lydia finally turned full-on to Naomi, the six-pointed star around her neck clanging against the table with the force of her head turning. "What do you want?"

Naomi fidgeted. "I, well...I read part of it. It was really...um, well, it was scary." Lydia continued studying Naomi with uncertainty. "It's my grandmother's story," she finally said. She turned the book to its back cover, and pointed to the picture of the girl with the deep brown hair and deep brown eyes. "That's her, when she was young." Suddenly realizing that his woman was not at his side, Phineas turned around to see her with Lydia. He stomped over, immediately followed by his court. "What are you doing? Let's go."

Naomi turned her sky-colored eyes to meet his grass-colored ones. "I was returning a book." She smiled softly, and gestured to Lydia. Dropping his gaze, Phineas looked at the book, clutched in Lydia's hands, and then up at Lydia herself. He smiled, wide and hard.

As Naomi lay in bed that night, thinking about the look on Phineas's face as he tore apart Lydia's book, and ripped the six-pointed star from around her neck, she found that she at last could recall what she had been running from the night before, in her dream. It had been a monster.

The next morning, Aloisia wrapped her hands in bandages; she had been picking up the broken glass from the invasion of her parents' store the night before, and had cut her hands several times in the process. Helena walked in, having skipped school again, and embraced her friend, kissing both her hands, to help them heal. She was scared for her friend; really scared. She told her that she had heard, from her parents, rumors. Bad rumors. They needed to get away, far away, and soon.

Helena told her friend that she had nowhere to go; besides, what if the rumors weren't true? She would be okay.

Helena didn't believe Aloisia any more than Aloisia did. She told Aloisia that she had a plan; if things got bad, like the rumors she heard, then she should come to her house, with her parents. She would hide them; she knew the perfect place. Not even her own parents would know they were there.

Aloisia hugged her friend one last time before she left. Yet, Helena had to go; her parents would punish her if they knew where she was.

The next day, Naomi anxiously looked for Lydia at school. She didn't know why. She didn't see her for a long time; she began to worry that, perhaps, she wasn't coming that day, or any other. It wasn't like anyone would miss her if she didn't come. At last though, she saw her in the hallway, switching out books at her locker. When Naomi approached her, she quickly turned her face away, and tried to hurry up.

"Please go away. Phineas will come looking for you, if you don't. And find me," Lydia begged as she closed her locker.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know he would-"
"Yes, you did know."

Lydia was right, of course. Naomi did know. She suddenly wondered why Phineas only ever dated tall, blond, blue-eyed girls...

Speaking of the devil, Phineas came storming down the hallway at that moment, angry at Naomi for not having trailed after him after class like a dog, and spying the perfect outlet for that anger...

Aloisia screamed as her parents struggled in the soldiers' grasps. Her mother freed herself enough to shove Aloisia through the window and down two floors into the street, just as another soldier reached out to carry her off, too. Aloisia hit the pavement hard, and wanted to just lay there, lay there and cry, but she knew she couldn't do that, she knew she had to run. Like the other day. So she did.

She took every backstreet that she could; fortunately, she was excellent at disappearing amongst the streets. In ten minutes time she had reached Helena's house, and tapped lightly on her bedroom window. Understanding without a word, Helena opened her window up, and pulled Aloisia into her room. She pushed aside her bed, and lifted up a few floorboards that she had slowly been loosening over the past few days, and helped Aloisia down into the hole she had also been digging over the past few days. Helena handed her friend a handkerchief, to dry her silent tears, then put the floorboards back into place and shoved her bed back over top. She would have to remember to ask her mother for some extra breakfast tomorrow morning...

Naomi sat in the school's infirmary, pressing an ice-pack to her swollen cheek, both the school's nurse and Lydia fussing over her. When the nurse finally left to tell the principal, who was dealing with Phineas, about how Naomi was doing, Lydia stepped right in front of Naomi, boldly looking at her and demanding, "Why did you *do* that?"

"He was going to hit you."

"And instead he hit *you*."

"A good trade off for you, I'd say."

Lydia moved her face within an inch of Naomi's, looking right into Naomi's startled cerulean eyes. Lydia let a half-smile slip across her lips, and pulled her face back. "I get it. Trying to be like Helena, eh?"

A half-smile also began to curl on Naomi's lips. Although she knew that it was a reference from Lydia's book, she feigned ignorance. "Who?" she asked innocently.

"*You* know."

"I do?"

"Yeah, you do."

Naomi's half-smile transformed into a full one. "Yeah, I do." She paused. "I think I finally get it, too."

"Well, it's about time *someone* did."

Creative Writing

Division II – 2nd Place

“Transcending Time”

Katie Zehner

Grade 12, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller

Cross barren grounds and torn grey skies,
Past wooden tower casting black shadows;
Where dust settles upon the earth like flies
And the sun bleakly hides in the clouds.

These are the markings of an epitaph;
Whispering hidden secrets of a past crime,
Squeaking truth like a broken phonograph,
Betraying a horrific chapter in history.

Behind shunned gates ghosts sorrowfully roam,
Gasping cries icily slice the night air,
Corpses lie in scattered graves of honeycomb;
Countless fallen at the hands of a lone silhouette.

And though we bow in reverence and guilt
To remember the terrors of past years,
The strengths of man always to wilt;
This is not yet the learned end.

Traverse the chasm of distance and time,
Find other traces of covered massacre;
More mournful bells to sigh their chime
As soft tears fall from granite figures.

Swallowing rainforests and deserts dry
Grasp a people clean and innocent;
Womanish screams and childish cry,
Wails in the night that vanish with memory.

Sudanese sin and Iraqi plight;
Reigns of steel enclosed like noose,
Failed attempts for freedom flight
Ended in baths of blood and sorrow.

Why can't we learn the first time around
That hate never leads the path to light
And beating hearts stopped our ears resound;
Does it honestly take more than once?

And yet we plead over and again
To please remember what we've lost;
Culture to expose and ignorance to restrain
For no more cries, for no more lies.

Creative Writing
Division II – 3rd Place
“Wake Up”

Amy Bisese

Grade 12, St. Vincent-St.

Mary's High School

Teacher: Anne Bickett



I am shaken awake by my brother
He yells at me to get up
The time has come, I peel off the covers
Exposing myself to the cold winter air of my bedroom
Goosebumps take over my flesh
But they're not just from the cold

I grab the bag that's been sitting in the corner
Of my room for days, waiting to be used
I packed it to its capacity
With underwear, socks, and layers of clothes

I wanted to pack some of my books
But Mom said they'd be too heavy to carry
And that I wouldn't need them
For where we were going anyways

I walk downstairs to find my brother and dad
Sitting at the kitchen table
Mom hands me a bowl of grits and tells me to eat up
"You'll need all your energy today," she says
I don't really know what she means
But I nod and swallow the mush with just a few gags

There's a bang on the door from our neighbor
Warning us to hurry and come outside
We put on our coats as Mom takes our dishes
to the sink
And pours water on the coals

The snow is falling steadily
I stick out my tongue, trying to catch some flakes
But my brother snatches my hand and pulls me forward
To the line of all the people

Mom and Dad look sad
But they never did like the winter
They're staring at a train towards the front of the line
It's full of my neighbors, and I think I see a girl
Who was in my class last year
Her face reminds me of how our puppy looked at us
When we dropped him off at a farm last autumn
After he'd torn up a series of shoes and furniture

Our turn has come to board the train
I whine to Mom to let me sit on her lap
But there is only room to stand
My legs grow tired as day turns to night
And the next thing I know I wake up to the new day
In my father's arms

Hours later the train comes to a stop
Men in uniforms and caps help us out
Then force us into lines
Dad is across from me, Mom, and my brother
I smile and blow him a kiss
I wonder what bedtime story he'll tell tonight

But my thoughts are interrupted
A man grabs my brother and me
Pushing us into a crowd of kids I see the girl
from earlier

She waves and calls my name
But I can't hear anything, everything goes still
I want my mom and dad I finally understand
What they've been trying to tell me for weeks

I look ahead into a huge fire
I hear chilling screams
My lungs fill with the smoke of death
I plug my nose, I don't want to smell it

Four by four, they push the children in
We're getting closer and closer
We soon reach the pit, my brother and me
The one dignity they allow us is to hold each
other's hand

A whip cracks against my back
I know we must jump in
The flames ignite my body
My skin begins to melt I scream for life,
trying to wriggle free
But I'm sinking in the ashes of those
who went before me

I am shaken awake by my brother
My screams have woken him up
A pool of sweat surrounds me
A relieving alternative to the flames

I go to school that morning
Still haunted by my nightmare
I feel completely numb
While walking down the hallway
I overhear two boys laughing at the punch line
Of some offensive joke about Jews
When will we ever learn?

So I turn around to face the kids
I give them a dirty look
"How can you say that?" I ask
"Do you have any idea how much suffering
The Jewish people endured during the Holocaust?
Over 6 million were killed
Because of their beliefs, their looks, their culture!
How would you feel if your family
Had been tortured and murdered?
Their pain exploited in a disgusting joke?"

The boys' smiles fade
The laughter ceases
I see that I've surprised them,
Taught them something they didn't know
I humbly turn around
Then proudly walk down the hall
I've spread the story of the Jews
And awakened the minds of the ignorant

Creative Writing

Division II – 4th Place

"Remember"

Ashley Karelitz

Grade 12, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



Remember. Remember the eleven million people that died in a mass genocide less than sixty years ago. Remember their pain and their suffering. Commemorate their deaths if only for the purpose of remembering them. But also inform; let other people know about the Holocaust. Knowledge is power. It is the greatest defense that anyone will ever have to prevent another Holocaust. The future is at our mercy, so let us reshape it.

The world has been scarred with the remnants of the Holocaust. People from several different countries were affected by this genocide. The millions that died were the mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters of people all over the world. The survivors, in other words, those who were sent to work camps but did not perish at the whim of the Nazi soldiers, have also been marked forever by the Holocaust. The numbers tattooed on their forearms are not the only reminders of their time spent in Auschwitz or Dachau. These survivors will carry with them the memories of their time in the concentration camps; this period of their life will haunt them forever. Being the target of hatred and contempt are not things that are easily forgotten. Since the Holocaust, these people have been forced to pick up the pieces of their lives. Out of respect for the people that have suffered, it is important to pay tribute by remembering.

Teach others about the Holocaust as well. Encourage them to read Elie Wiesel's *Night* or watch Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List*. These are sources that depict the lives of those that were involved in the Holocaust and help to explain exactly what occurred. Let other people know that a future holocaust could be prevented by remembering the one that already happened. There are many people in today's society that don't understand the harm that stems from prejudice and injustice. The Holocaust is a prime example of a group whose philosophy of their own cultural superiority resulted in the extermination of millions that just didn't fit the mold. It is vital that everyone understands that discrimination based on gender, race, religion, or

ethnicity is unacceptable. The crimes of injustice committed against the Jewish people are unfathomable, and no other group should be subject to the same treatment. By unearthing and understanding the causes of the Holocaust, the probability of another one occurring will greatly decrease. The knowledge that people hold is their most powerful weapon. Don't allow the Holocaust to have set a precedent that will determine the fate of other minority groups.

As a Jew, I feel as though I am obligated to help others commemorate the deaths of the victims of the concentration camps. The Holocaust involved the persecution of millions of people, *my* people. In Jewish culture, it is customary to light a Yartzheit candle on Yom HaShoah, the Day of Remembrance. This is how my grandmother remembers, this is how my parents remember, and this is how I remember. I will continue this tradition for the rest of my life, and I, like my parents and grandparents, will pass it on from generation to generation. This is my way of remembering, what's yours?

Creative Writing Division II Honorable Mention

“Learning to Overcome”

Mara Fernandez

Grade 11, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller



One's feelings and emotions towards a certain idea or event can have a powerful effect on their views on the subject at hand. Hitler was a great leader and had a powerful yet negative feeling towards those not in line with his idea of perfection, his Aryan race, especially towards those of Jewish decent. Hitler's views dominated all of Germany and conquered many parts of Europe between 1933 and 1945. As Hitler conquered lands he conquered people as well and those not of an ideal human being with blonde hair and blue eyes were quickly seen as a threat and taken to concentration camps scattered throughout Germany. Hundreds of thousands of families were separated into ghettos or concentration camps where they worked and starved until their brutal treatment left them dead, while millions of others were systematically murdered in gas chambers, incinerators, on death marches, and other cruel and unspeakable means of death. Never will these events evade history for the rest of time as we remember the past in order to reshape our future. One can only

hope that the acts that Hitler condemned on so many millions of people will never be seen in our history again.

After World War I, socially, economically, and politically Germany was weak with a government that was not supported by the people, war reparations were far beyond what Germany would be capable of repaying, and its citizens were looking for a way to higher ground. The weak souls of Germany quickly clutched themselves onto Hitler as he fed off of the destabilized society to the top of one of the most powerful and influential nations during World War II. Hitler's core reasoning for the deplorable nation was based on the idea that the Jewish population was ultimately destroying Germany and needed to be cleansed from society altogether. Starting in 1933 when the Nazi Party rose to power Jewish people were immediately cut off from the world with restrictions that excluded them from public life, from working, going to school and living the life that had become so familiar to them. Discrimination against Jews came in forms of both political and physical violence. They included the Nuremberg Laws of 1935, that stripped the Jews of their citizenship and humanity, and Kristallnacht in which the paved streets of Jewish cities were left glittering in the night when young Nazi youth broke the windows of Jewish homes and businesses while burning down hundreds of synagogues. In the later years of World War II Jews were separated into ghettos where they were shipped off like cattle to labor camps. There men, women, and children, old and young, worked themselves to the bone before dying of starvation or disease. Those left alive by a sliver of hope and determination were sent to concentration camps where they met their final fate along with millions of others. In total eleven million people were killed, six million being of Jewish descent. Concentration camps were shut down and destroyed as ally troops came upon the camps where horrified soldiers saw the harsh realities of what had only been rumors moments before entering the camps.

After the war came to an end many survivors were left alone and lost in a world that still did not accept them. Many were left to defend for themselves while others went on to have children of their own. This second generation of Holocaust survivors were also severely affected by what their parents had endured and the fact that many of their family members including brothers, sisters, and grandparents were killed during the war. The children of Holocaust survivors learned lessons by directly seeing the impact that such terror could have on one person and a family.

This second generation varied in the interaction that they received from their traumatized parents. Some parents spoke of the troubles constantly from the day that their children were born; others kept to themselves and acted numbly towards their children involving all emotions. The only way to reshape our future is to learn from our past. These children were forced to grow up with the immediate knowledge that harm and horror were and still are a part of the world. Many children did not appreciate their parents, as many of the parents would treat their children not like people but as objects to prove to themselves and others that they had survived the Holocaust. Children growing up in these homes knew this was not how they wanted to be treated or how they wanted to treat others. Learning from first hand experiences of what can happen to victims of cruelty the second generation of Holocaust survivors grew to overcome the obstacles of pain and tragedy to become successful men and women in today's world. Today these second generation Holocaust survivors have grown to become lawyers, teachers, and doctors while others work in the human services industry in response to what they have learned from growing up and living with some of the strongest people in the world, Holocaust survivors.

It's been sixty-one years since the allies won World War II and concentration camps were put to a stop. Today we must continue learning of the horrors that so many millions of people were forced to face. If we do not learn of the past we are doomed to repeat it in our own lifetime and in the future. Very few survivors of the Holocaust are left to share their story though when shared none of it seems to have been forgotten. The younger generations of the twenty-first century are left only with the knowledge that can be obtained through literature and personal accounts left behind by those who experienced it all. Unfortunately, genocide is still occurring today in places like Bosnia and Rwanda. Why then if we know about our past is genocide still occurring? Until people can understand one another and except one another's differences hatred will consume the good still left in the world. Our generation needs to not learn to hate but learn our past mistakes in order to make our future a better place for all races, religions, and creeds.

The Holocaust was a tragic event in our world's history and shall never be forgotten. I can only hope that the eleven million people who were murdered in the Holocaust between 1933 and 1945

did not die in vain. I dream that our generation along with future generations can change our outlooks on the world and on those who are beautifully diverse. Hatred will always be a part of human emotion but maybe understanding can overcome the hate that people feel towards ideas and people that are to them unfamiliar. Let us not bring the fate of the eleven million people who perished during World War II into our world today. Education and knowledge about the horrors of Hitler can only help us move forward to a better understanding of the people who make up our beautiful and diverse world that we all share.

Creative Writing

Division II – Honorable Mention

“Remembrance”

Whitney Parnell

Grade 12, Green High School

Teacher: Elaine Miller

uncommitting homicide
and unexacting genocide
more possible to walk on water
some crimes too heinous,
disgusting, cruel
atonement is unimaginable

the only chance to right a wrong
that stole so many lives
that scarred a nation and a world
is to remember
and to ensure it will never recur
history can be repeated
and mistakes remade unless
we remember

we must do more than read
enough to know what happened
we have to equip ourselves with
knowledge
protection against ignorance
spawning racism and
generating crimes of hate

we cannot assume that
it will not happen in our time
we cannot ignore the signs
that history is repeating
before our very eyes
maybe not in Europe (Africa instead)
maybe not with gas chambers nor

concentration camps
not with Stars of David nor
ghettos with barbed wire
still the senseless deaths of many
and a stain on human history

we have seen what hate can do
what one man can cause
if left unbridled and free to reign
we must quell evil at its source
we cannot appease, allow, or abet
or we resign ourselves to an endless sea of regret

Creative Writing

Division II – Honorable Mention

“Many Lives Were Lost”

Tristanne Staudt
Grade 12, Green High School
Teacher: Elaine Miller

World War Two. The Holocaust.
Jews, Catholics, Blacks, Gays
Many lives were lost
Has it really changed today?
Many lives were lost.

1985. Air India Flight 182.
Terrorist places a bomb with the bags
Today, three hundred twenty nine people flew
Then three hundred twenty nine toes had tags.
Many lives were lost.

October 2005. Iraq
U.S. fires and Iraqis retaliate.
2000 lives have now been racked
Thousands of civilians must commiserate
Many lives were lost.

September 11, 2001. Twin Towers
Two planes into two steel cores
All for what? A little power?
Ceilings come toppling to the floors.
Many lives were lost

Present Day. Middle East
Arabs versus Israelites
It's constantly a killer's feast
Flying blood and bullets that bite
Many lives were lost.

So what have we learned?
Do these genocides have a goal?

What does any killer earn,
But infamy a large death toll
So many lives are lost.

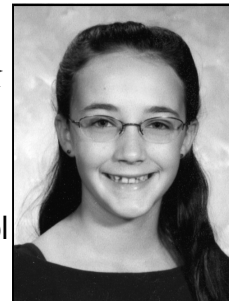
It's important to recollect
What we have lost
If we ever want to collect
and come together to shape the future
Many less lives will be lost.

Research Writing - Division I

1st Place

“The Holocaust and Present Day Sudan”

Kristen Yaeger
Grade 7, Revere Middle School
Teacher: Gayle Doherty



There are many historical events that have shaped the world. One such event is the Holocaust - the systematic mass murder of the European Jewish population by the Nazi Party during World War II. Another such event, taking place currently in the Sudan, is the policy-driven starvation of the Sudanese people in the Southern regions by the ruling population in the North. Both of these events are tragic and have resulted in millions of people being killed. The purpose of this paper is to compare two events in history and discuss the lessons learned as well as the implications for the future of the world.

The Jewish Holocaust began in 1938. Following a difficult ten-year political struggle, Adolph Hitler came to power. Hitler and the Nazi political party believed that the Jews were the cause of Germany's defeat in World War I. Hitler and his Nazi followers planned to exterminate the entire population of the Jews in Europe (History of the Holocaust 1).

The beginning of the genocide occurred in Germany. Ninety Jews were killed, five hundred synagogues were burned, and the windows in the Jewish shops and stores were smashed (History of the Holocaust 2) Twenty-five thousand were then taken to concentration camps. Hitler and his troops then invaded other European countries including, Austria, Poland, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and France (4). During this time, Hitler continued to kill Jews and build concentration camps. In 1942, the huge mass murders began (5).

The war continued and in 1944, Hitler and his armies were being defeated by the allied troops from different countries, but the killing of the Jews continued until Hitler and his Reich surrendered. Hitler committed suicide *in. 1945* (II). However Hitler and the Nazis had gassed four million Jews in the death camps and two million others were shot or had starved to death in the ghettos (11).

The country of Sudan declared independence in 1956 and has been in a civil war since (Woodward, ix). Many factors contribute to Sudan's civil war. One of those factors is the geographical region (Deng, 1). The Northern and Southern regions are at war against each other. Other factors include religion and ethnic identity. The war is between the Arab Muslim pro-government north and the Black African-Christian South. In addition, oil was discovered in the southern Sudan more than twenty years ago. Struggles over the oil reserves have made the civil war and the political conflict worse (Yale Insider, 1).

The Sudanese government in the North has killed more than 2 million civilians in the South since 1983 (Yale Insider, 1). There is an organized and systematic plan by the Sudanese government and the Janjaweed militias (nomadic Arab shepherds) to eliminate 80 black African groups from the Darfur region (Wikipedia Sudan, 1). The conflicts and the brutal killings continue *today*. The government has created many man-made famines or, "calculated starvations" since the 1980's. Between 100,000-200,000 people have perished as a result of the man-made famines (Salopek I).

The Holocaust and Sudanese genocide are alike in some ways and different in others. Religion and culture are causes for the killing in both Sudan and in World War II. In the Holocaust the main target was the Jewish people, (Wikipedia Germany, 1) but in the Sudan, the targets are the Black African-Christians and non-Moslems (Feitlowitz, 1). In both cases the political parties in power believed that their race, culture, and religion was superior to the rest. Hitler believed that the Aryan race (people with light hair and light eyes) was better than the others. The Sudanese government believes that the Islamic religious law is superior.

Another similarity is the peace camps and concentration camps. In both Sudan and the Holocaust they used these to kill people. Concentration camps were places where Jews were killed and

murdered by the Germans. Auschwitz was the biggest concentration camp in Germany (History of the Holocaust 3). In Sudan peace camps resembled those of the Nazi death camps (Aita, 1). Both camps were used for the same reasons, to kill innocent people. The peace camps were also used to force Christian Sudanese refugees to the Islamic faith (Alley, 1). The Jews and the Sudanese people are alike because they have suffered death and starvation at concentration camps.

The killing and terror in the Sudan today is no different than what happened in the Holocaust. The world did not respond right away to the killing of the Jews in World War II. Many years went by and many Jews were murdered. Currently the world nations have provided some help but not enough to directly stop the mass murder, famine, and slavery in South Sudan (I, Abolish).

People of the world have not learned very much from the Holocaust because genocides and mass murders have continued to occur since 1945. Mass murders and genocides are sad because so many innocent people are killed. People did not learn to stop genocides as soon as they heard about them. Mass murders are different from wars because wars can happen anywhere and at any time in the world. Wars are usually people fighting over borders or political power. Mass murders, on the other hand, are systematic plans to wipe out an entire religion or culture. Since no one is doing anything about mass murders and genocides, it is scary because some one could decide to wipe out a religion or a culture anywhere in the world. In conclusion, as long as the world doesn't help to stop what is happening in other countries, the mass murders and genocides will continue.

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Research Writing - Division I 2nd Place

"The Holocaust"

Jennifer Gray
Grade 7, Litchfield Middle School
Teacher: Irene Adler



The Holocaust was the worst event in the twentieth century. Six million European Jews were murdered by the Nazis. Jews were not the only people that were tortured and killed. Others included the mentally and physically disabled, homosexuals, gypsies, Jehovah's Witnesses, prisoners of war, socialists and trade unionists among others. The total of all of the people killed in the Holocaust reached higher than eleven million. These groups were sent to ghettos, forced labor camps, transit camps, concentration camps and extermination camps. There, people were starved, shot, beaten to death, worked to death, and killed in killing facilities.

Ghettos were established by the Nazis. They established over 400 ghettos. Ghettos were used to segregate the Jews from non-Jewish people. Ghettos were enclosed mostly by a wall or by a fence. Conditions in ghettos were horrible. People there didn't have nearly enough food to survive. Several families were crowded into a small apartment. People were forced to work for the German Reich.

Before extermination camps, people were taken to transit camps. Extermination camps were death factories. People were killed by being shot or by being gassed. Forced labor camps were used for

Jewish people to work for German companies and to produce the weapons Germans needed to win the war. Concentration camps were called that to conceal their true uses, which were extermination or forced labor. All camps had horrible conditions. There was little medical care, poor clothing, poor shelter and very poor food. People were beaten and shot on a daily basis for no reason at all. In conclusion, no matter what camp you went to, you would find horrid conditions and harsh treatment.

One extermination camp was Auschwitz. This camp was by far the worst camp. There were three main camps at Auschwitz: Auschwitz 1, Auschwitz 2 (also called Auschwitz-Birkenau), and Auschwitz 3 (also known as Monowitz). Auschwitz 1 was a concentration camp. The hospital barrack, which was barrack 10, was where scientists conducted experiments on men, women and children. The scientists' favorite people to do experiments on were dwarfs, twins and infants. Auschwitz-Birkenau was the death camp part of Auschwitz. In the gas chambers, people were gassed with Zyklon B gas. The bodies were burned in one of the four crematoriums. Gassing was still used until November of 1944. Auschwitz 3, or Monowitz, was the forced labor camp. German companies took advantage of the cheap labor.

Only one person was able to get people out of Auschwitz. That person was Oscar Schindler. He saved twelve hundred lives by having people from the Cracow Ghetto work in his factory. At first, Oscar was just in it for the money. Then, after seeing how the Jews were being treated and realizing how awful it was, he decided to help them. He saved people from the Plaszow concentration camp, where Amon Goeth shot people for no reason at all. Schindler made a list of people that he wanted to have work in his new factory, Brunnlitz, after his old factory, Emalia, was shut down. The list that he made, Schindler's List, was given to the Germans and Schindler's workers were sent to Brunnlitz. However, eleven hundred people, three hundred women and eight hundred men, were mistakenly taken to Auschwitz. On the way to the showers, the women were not sure whether water or gas, Schindler called out and asked what the officer thought he was doing with Schindler's Jews. The women, who had been at Auschwitz for a while, were overjoyed at the thought of being rescued. After he had everyone of "His Jews" Schindler was happy. His factory always had enough food for everyone and everyone was treated humanely, unlike all of the other camps.

Most of Schindler's Jews made it through the war because of Schindler's kindness and respect for human life. Schindler spent millions of dollars on trying to save his Jews and I think we would all agree that his money was well spent. In conclusion, despite what was going on outside of his factory, Schindler stood up for what he believed in, the well being of his fellow humans.

How one person could cause so much destruction and kill so many people seemed impossible. Somehow, it happened. Millions of people were murdered and those left alive had emotional scars. Bruises and cuts may fade, but not scars on the heart. No one that lived through the Holocaust will ever forget the pain it caused. Neither should we. It is our duty to make sure no one ever forgets the Holocaust and to never let it happen again. All in all, the Holocaust was a horrible time period that should never be repeated.

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Research Writing

Division I – 3rd Place

"What Have We Learned"

Eric Tretter

Grade 7, Revere Middle School

Teacher: Gayle Doherty

"As freedom-loving people across the globe hope for an end to tyranny, we will never forget the enormous suffering of the holocaust."

-Bob Beuprez

Gen-o-cide (jén'ə-sīd'), n. the deliberate and systematic extermination of a national, racial, political, or cultural group. Genocide is a historical and pervading reality. But to the survivors of these mass murders, it was so much more. To these people genocide isn't just a mass murder; it's an extermination of their hopes, dreams, and futures. Two incidents during which people were discriminated against and humiliated until there was nothing left of them but their souls were the Holocaust and Cambodian genocide. Now we look upon the survivors, the people who suffered just so to fulfill their hope that the world will never forget.

In January 1933, after a bitter ten-year struggle in Germany, Hitler came to power. He seemed like the only way out of economic hardship for Germany, and attracted many followers. His plan to "rebuild" Germany was simple; he planned to exterminate the Jewish race to improve the situation of another the Master Race.

Hitler's beliefs were cruel and unjust, and he had no problem sharing them with the public. But after such a long struggle, the people of Germany were willing to turn to anyone who promised them a better future.

Hitler started with simple speeches, blaming the Jewish people for Germany's defeat in World War I and the subsequent economic hardships. Hitler promoted Germans with fair skin, blonde hair and blue eyes; he called them the Master Race. (United Human Rights, 1) Hitler and his other Nazi followers viewed the Jewish people not as a religious group, but as a poisonous race, which lived off the other races and weakened them. (Bachrach, 12) Jews, at that time, accounted for only about one percent of German's population of fifty-five million people, but it wasn't good enough, for Hitler; he wanted all of them gone. (United Human Rights, 1)

After Hitler took power in Germany, the Nazi teachers began to apply the "principles" of racial science. They measured the skull size, nose length, and recorded hair and eye color of their pupils to determine if they belonged in Hitler's Master Race.

On April 1st, 1933, Nazis performed a boycott of Jewish businesses, still with hopes to exterminate all the Jewish people. But the Jews stayed strong. (Bachrach, 14) Nazis even went to the lengths of excluding the Jewish population from society by removing them from schools, banning them from jobs, and excluding them from military service. Jewish people were even forbidden to share a park bench with a non-Jew. (United Human Rights, 1) During this time, German physicians could even perform forced sterilizations on anyone who was Jewish. (Bachrach, 12) Lists were made that told which books shouldn't be read by Nazis, and made new books that tried to instill hatred of Jews to children. (16) In the end, the Jewish people lost everything. (United Human Rights, 2)

Nazis began forcing Jewish people to perform public acts of humiliation. Then, on November 9th and 10th, the Night of Broken Glass occurred when seventeen-year-old Herschel Grynszpan shot and killed Ernst vom Rath, a German embassy official in Paris, retaliation for the harsh treatment his parents had received from the Nazis. During this event, ninety Jewish people were killed, five-hundred synagogues were burned, and over twenty-five thousand men were removed to concentration camps. Then, as a cynical joke, Nazis fined the Jewish people one billion Reich marks for the damage they had caused.

"When I came to power, I did not want the concentration camps to be old age pensioners' homes, but [instead] instruments of terror."

-Adolph Hitler

While inside the concentration camps, Jewish people and many other races who didn't fit into the "Master Race" were faced with hunger, thirst, and unspeakable torture; the worst of all the tortures for some was knowing that they were the only one left of their families.

World War II began September of 1939 as German troops stormed into Poland, a country, home to over three million Jews; these Jews were forced into "ghettos", where tens of thousands died. (3)

"All that is needed for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

-Edmund Burke

As the war progressed; the United States departed from neutrality and rendered greater and greater aid to the beleaguered Allies. Blocked in negotiations with the United States, Japan attacked the

American base at Pearl Harbor in December 1941 and forced the United States into the War.

(World War II Commemoration, 5-6)

"There were ways of not burdening one's conscience, of shunning responsibility, looking away...When the unspeakable truth of the Holocaust then became known at the end of the war, all too many...claimed that they had not known [or suspected] anything."

-Richard von Weizsaecker

In May of 1948, the state of Israel officially came into existence and opened its borders to receive the Jews. (Holocaust: The camps and Holocaust: A Jewish Homeland, 296b) It was the end of the war.

Cambodia is a country in South East Asia. Their monarch joined forces with a communist guerrilla

organization and became known as the Khmer Rouge. The Khmer Rouge's leader was known as Pol Pot. In 1975 Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge came to power in an extremist program to reconstruct Cambodia. They began by renaming it Kampuchea (Talking about Genocide: Genocides, 3)

At short notice, and under threat of death, the inhabitants of towns and cities in Cambodia were forced to leave them. Eventually, all political and civil rights were abolished. Professional people in every field were murdered, along with their extended families. Children were taken from their homes and placed in forced labor camps. During this period, civilian deaths from executions, disease, exhaustion, and starvation have been estimated to exceed well over two million.

In 1978 Vietnam invaded Kampuchea and overthrew the Khmer Rouge. (4) In retreat, the Khmer Rouge had some help from the American relief agencies. Under pressure internationally, Vietnam finally withdrew its occupying army from Cambodia. Obviously under pressure also, Pol Pot ordered the execution of his life-long right-hand man and eleven members of his family on June 10, 1997. (Pol Pot, 6) The last troops left Cambodia in 1989, and its name was officially restored. (Talking about Genocide: Genocides, 4)

"There must [always] be people who [know enough about] World War II and the Holocaust [to help us] get *out of this rut*."

-Martin Scorsese

There will always be hatred and discrimination in the world. How we go about handling and getting over it will determine if we really have understood

the lessons we've learned from the past and taken them into the future to help our future man.

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere... whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly."
-Martin Luther King, Jr.

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Research Writing

Division I – 4th Place

"Oskar Schindler"

Kyle Reilly

Grade 7, Litchfield Middle School

Teacher: Irene Adler

Heroes are people you can look up to and can count on, and for many Jews, this man was their hero. His name was Oskar Schindler. Oskar was born on April 28, 1908 in Zwitlau, an area that is now part of the Czech Republic. He and his parents and younger sister were very passionate about their Catholic faith. His family was very rich, one of the richest in Zwitlau. Oskar's family owned a machinery business which made the Schindler family wealthy.

When he was nineteen, he married a girl named Emily Pelzl. Since Oskar was young, he always liked to take risks and gamble. Either he won big, or he lost big. He abused alcohol as well. He did

not stick with his family's business and it later went bankrupt. As World War II began, he became a machinery salesman in Poland. He became very well in touch with the German generals, which helped him later in life. When in Krakow, Poland he opened a small enamel shop. Krakow was near a large Jewish ghetto. Here, he employed workers for his shop. Most of the Jews did not have work forms and those Jews were sent to the concentration camps, torturous areas where large groups of Jews were held. A "work form" is a document that tells what a person's abilities are and tells what the person knows how to do in terms of work. Oskar later found out that the Krakow Jews who did not have work forms and were no use to factories were being sent to those harsh concentration camps. At first, all Oskar Schindler wanted to do was make money, but then he realized how terrible the Jews were being treated. That is when his priorities changed.

He made fake work forms for the Jews who were registering for either work or to be sent away to the concentration camps. In this way, the Jews could be employed by Schindler. This is one of the many ways that Oskar Schindler helped save many Jews from the brutal camps. This is also the time that knowing the German generals and having close relationships with them came in handy. Oskar was able to set up agreements with them by "earning brownie points." His objective was to get as many Jews as possible out of the concentration camps without the German generals knowing he was doing so. He would send rare wines and the finest cheeses and chocolates to try to "smuggle" Jews in exchange for the fine gifts; luckily, it worked. He sent these gifts to all of the German generals he knew who operated concentration camps.

When he met with one of the generals at a party he was throwing, they talked about "power." Oskar Schindler's definition of power was to "have the ability to pardon your enemies." The general thought differently. He thought that the definition of power was "to be able to have complete control over anyone and anything you want to." Now I don't know about you, but to me I really think Oskar's definition was a whole lot better. As the war raged on, so did the Holocaust but Oskar Schindler still imported as many Jews as he could to work in the factories. Oskar was still very rich and prosperous at this time. But his goals changed dramatically. He was now so desperate to save the Jews that he took every penny of his money and bought

a whole concentration camp full of people! The general he bought them from was so overwhelmed with all of the money that he still had no clue what Oskar was trying to do. The general sold Oskar the Jews. The thing that upsets me the most is how people could put a price on other people. That just shocks me!

It took a few days to get everyone Oskar purchased to his new factory. They shipped the Jews by train. As any factory that used Jews for labor, there had to be German guards. He had a meeting with the guards and specifically told them that they were never to go into the factory and were never to hurt any workers. The amazing transfer from the camp to the factory was a success. The Jews in the factory made bullet rounds and other needed supplies for the German army. Little did they know that the product they were making was faulty. Oskar Schindler made sure that any bullet, ammunition, etc. was never able to be fired in combat. There were many complaint letters from the army and demands for refunds. This made Oskar's business go bankrupt. Later, the

war ended and all Nazis, concentration camp runners and business men that used Jews as labor, were going to be hunted down. This meant that Oskar Schindler had to go to jail or even worse, even though he was the one that helped rescue the Jews. The Jews, knowing that, wrote up a document to show all the good work he did for them. All 1000+ workers signed that document. They even made him a gold ring from the gold fillings extracted from the Jews' teeth.

Oskar Schindler died in Hildesheim in 1974, although he still lives in our minds and in our hearts, especially with the extended families of those he saved. Oskar Schindler was a remarkable man and you can never take that dignity away from him. Not now. Not ever. Oskar lives on...a hero of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

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The City of Akron Holocaust Commemoration

**DAYS OF
REMEMBRANCE
2006**



U.S. HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL COUNCIL

All first place winners and their teachers will receive a trip to Washington D.C., to visit the U.S. Holocaust Museum, May 18, 2006.

(All winning entries can be seen on the City of Akron's Website at: www.ci.akron.oh.us/holocaust)

Holocaust Arts and Writing Contest Judges

Visual Art

Renee Pinski, Chair, Visual Art
Bonnie Cohen
Barb Moser
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Creative and Research Writing

Screening jurors

Michael Derr
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Estelle Kaufman
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Helen Yeszin

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Anna Maria Barnum
Judy Casey
Steven Newman
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Andrea Steinberger
Barbara White

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Jeff Yuhaz

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Special thanks to Bruce Ford, City of Akron, for photographing the art and scanning student photos. To Jim Jones, City of Akron, who designed the Contest Web site and continues to maintain it. To Shawanna Swartz, Gail Fielding, Linda Thompson, Laurie Hoffman and Kay Racco for office support and much more. To David Jennings, Michael Derr, and Carla Davis of the Akron Summit County Public Library for the use of their facility for our art display and commemoration program as well as other assistance. To the Jewish War Veterans for ushering today. To Pat Catan's for matting the visual art. And an extra special thanks to our contributors and sponsors.

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Helen Yeszin



Proclamation

To The People of Akron:

Whereas: The history of the Holocaust offers an opportunity to reflect on the moral responsibilities of individuals, societies and governments to never forget the state-sponsored atrocities of Nazi Germany wherein six million Jews, Gypsies, Poles, the handicapped and others were murdered from 1933 until 1945; and

Whereas: We the people of the City of Akron urge all to remember the events of the Holocaust and remain vigilant against hatred, persecution and tyranny against all people; and

Whereas: We, as a free people should rededicate ourselves to the principles of individual freedoms in a just society to fortify our society against any such intrusions ever again; and

Whereas: Pursuant to an Act of Congress, the United States Holocaust Memorial Council designates the Days of Remembrance of the Victims of the Holocaust to be Sunday, April 23 through Sunday, April 30, 2006 including the International Day of Remembrance known as Yom Hashoah, April 25, 2006.

Now, Therefore: I, Donald L. Plusquellic, Mayor of the City of Akron, Ohio, do hereby proclaim, Sunday, April 23 through April 30, 2006 as:

"HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE DAYS"

in the City of Akron and urge all residents to join in this international remembrance of those who lost their lives and those who lost their loved ones in the Holocaust.

In Witness Whereof: I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the City of Akron to be affixed hereto this 18th day of April, 2006.

*Mayor
City of Akron*